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My Secrets of Love

by

Elinor Glyn

The Famous Author of "Three Weeks" "His Hour" "Where Love Leads" Etc.

Illustrated by
Howard Chandler Christy

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No. 1—*How to Win a Man*

IF I were to tell all the truth about love people would tear me to pieces and say that I was a cynic and was upsetting all their ideas of romance! So I had bettter stick to the conventional conception of this agitating and tormenting passion and see what we can do with the thing, and whether indulging in a few speculations about it may not bring a better chance of happiness to that large number of modern young women whose likelihood of securing a mate seems to be growing more and more remote.

There are some very important things to remember, among them that man is a hunter and a polygamous animal. He was made so by the Creator to insure His scheme of things working against any odds; therefore there is no use in arguing about this.

I could give you every statistic upon the matter and prove to the most narrow-minded disbeliever that these two attributes of man are facts, but it would bore you to death to have to listen to all that, so just take it from me—I who have the studied the matter—that this is the case, and let us get on with the philosophy of love!

"Between two lovers there is always one who kisses and one who holds the cheek," and it is much more agreeable to be the latter than the former.

In the beginning, when the first spark of attraction is ignited, both are in the position of hunters, and so for a while the emotion may be equal in intensity; but gradually, unless death or separation abruptly ends the affair, one or other is bound to feel the most. If it is the woman who has cooled off a little and "holds the cheek," it will certainly increase her happiness and may not diminish that of the man, whose hunting instinct will thus be kept alive.

But if, as is nearly always the case, it is the man who grows soonest indifferent, then sure suffering is ahead of the woman and probably discord for the man!

After the spark is lit, as long as the woman does not revolt the man's senses and remains still an uncertain quantity as to attainment, she can do almost as she pleases and he will grow more fond. But if once she disillusionizes his senses she can write "finis"—love has flown!

What causes attraction is so intangible it is hard to describe without going into the most profound analysis, but to get as near as one can to it in a few words it is as when the emanations from negative and positive magnetic poles approach each other. As soon as they get within radius an irresistible desire animates the negative to rush toward the positive and amalgamate with it. And attraction is some magnetic emanation which has the same intense drawing power.

In all my books I call this thing "It." A person has, or has not, "It!" And "It," alas! does not depend upon character or goodness or any of the higher virtues. I make one of my heroines, "Ermyntrude," thus describe it, and I cannot do better than repeat her words:

"Unself-consciousness and self-consciousness and indifference as to whether you are pleasing or not, and something in you which gives the impression that you are not at all cold, but could be awfully loving if you wanted to, and would really enjoy dozens of kisses from the right person—that makes 'It.' It is magnetic and peculiar, and you know it directly you come into the room with a person who has it."

It conveys some message to the imagination which suggests joy. A woman or a man with "It" requires no advice from me! Nature has equipped them with all that is necessary to insure love's awakening, and it depends upon their own pleasure generally as to how long the passion lasts.

If there is no intellect behind "It," or a mean and vicious character then these repellants may eventually swamp the magnetic attraction—but even they cannot always do so.

Now the thing is, how are ordinary men and women to attract the love of those they desire and who have given no sign that any spark has been lit in them?

Place aux dames!

There are dozens of nice girls who have quite as great a longing for love and happiness as those fortunate creatures who possess "It!" Nothing in their lives has tended to give them self-confidence, and they are well aware that they are part of a herd whose probable end will be to drift into gray old maidenhood, bolstered up into pretending they have interesting loves working for humanity or "art" or "literature" or what not—all make-shifts—because the supreme meaning of life and the only supreme happiness for a woman is to find a congenial mate.

Now, how to inspire a man with desire to make the move in Celia's direction?

(Celia is the girl I am going to talk to in this letter. She represents the typical girl and, indeed, young woman who wants some help.)

First, she has to ask herself, what does she really desire? She must not be vague.

She desires to attract Henry so much that he loves her and asks her to marry him.

Good! Well, then, she must not "sidetrack," as you Americans say, and allow irrelevant matters and lesser aims to get in the way—she must keep her mind and will fixed upon the main issue and use the same intelligence to

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Does The Earth Catch New Diseases From Comets?

Lord Kelvin's Idea That the Original Germ of Life May Have Come to Our Earth on a Meteor Suggests an Explanation of Some of Our New Epidemics

By Dr. W. H. Ballou

THE recent fall of a meteor into Lake Michigan—a meteor so great that the flaming out of its incandescence when it struck our atmosphere was visible in three States—has served to focus the attention of science upon the fact that our earth is under its greatest known visitation of comets and to cause scientists to ask what consequences may reasonably be apprehended therefrom.

Thirteen of these mysterious pilgrims in the void will be visible either to the eye or to the glass during this Winter and early Spring.

But what connection can there be, it will first be asked, between the fall of a meteor, no matter how tremendous, and a comet? The answer is that science has finally proved that while some comets are only masses of gas the majority of them are formed of enormous swarms of meteors of all dimensions, sometimes surrounded by a vast cloud of intermingled gases and dust, and sometimes without the gaseous envelope save when closest to the sun, when the well nigh inconceivable heat of that luminary volatizes a portion of their components.

Through the operation of various forces these cometary nuclei formed of meteors are sometimes partly broken up, sometimes entirely scattered. In the first case the units torn from the attraction of the cometary mass become comparative outlaws and add to the scattered particles which the earth meets in its progress through space.

In the latter case they become diffused meteor swarms which periodically produce what we call "shooting star showers." The most notable of these phenomena was Biela's comet, which broke up into two such swarms, ceasing to be a comets as such, but since that time regularly encountering the earth when our planet's orbit and their own orbits intersect, and dropping in on us more or less numerously when they do so intersect.

The Lake Michigan meteor might have been, and most probably was, a fragment from some such partly or wholly disrupted cometary visitor.

This, then, is the connection which science has established between meteors and comets. To the question of what consequences may reasonably be apprehended either from comets or meteors which have made up their mass it may be said that the most startling conclusion is that the old belief of pestilence following in their wake may have a great deal of truth in it. It is, in fact, entirely possible that comets can, and actually have, sprinkled our world with disease germs.

The ancient superstition is that the "hairy stars" were harbingers both of war and pestilence. That war can be caused by them is, of course, absurd. But let us examine the evidence that disease can be communicated by them.

It was the great philosopher, Herbert Spencer, who said that there was no human belief, no matter how apparently wild, that did not have its origin in fact. It would seem that a belief so widespread and so time-worn as the comet-war-pestilence one ought to have records to support it. As a matter of fact there are such records, but the trouble in accepting them as final is a lack of knowledge of other conditions which might have brought about the consequences ascribed to the comets. The Chinese, whose astronomical observations are the oldest we have, record at least ten epidemics following great comets. The pestilence which decimated Asia and Europe in the fifteenth century and which we know as the Black Death, occurred the year after the visit of a great comet. The most modern coincidence, if it can be so called, was the outbreak of that mysterious disease we call influenza, which began eight months after we were last immersed in the tail of Holley's comet.

How could a comet passing us millions of miles away deposit disease germs upon the surface of our planet? How could it cast living organisms into and through our atmosphere from such a distance? And how could such living organisms survive the cold of outer space?

Science declares that the process can be carried on in two ways: by the presence of ultra-microscopic organizations in the gas and almost infinitely finely divided dust of a comet's tail, and by their presence inside meteors disrupted from the nucleous. As for the cold of outer space—it is proven that certain malignant bacilli we know not only can live under such cold, but seem to derive strength from it. As for the heat engendered by friction with the atmosphere in the meteor's fall—that is answered in the following quotation from the "Making of the Earth," by the distinguished Dr. J. W. Gregory, Professor of Geology at the University of Glasgow.

"Lord Kelvin maintained that life may have come to the earth as a spore borne by a meteorite from some other world. This is certainly a possible explanation of the arrival of life upon our earth; for spores may retain their vitality for prolonged periods, and can survive exposure to the most intense cold. Hence, if a world were shattered by the disruptive approach of another heavenly body some of the fragments might carry with them germs which might retain their vitality even during a long journey through the intense cold of our outer space.

"The most serious danger to the germ would be that of being burnt when the meteorite is heated by friction with the earth's atmosphere; but if the spore lay in a deep crack it might remain quite cold, although the surface of the meteorite were rendered white hot; for the heat due to friction with the atmosphere is only sufficient to fuse a very thin skin on the surface of a large meteorite. The interior remains intensely cold."

While the possibility that such was the source of life upon our earth is minimized, it will be seen that the possibility of certain forms of life originating in this manner is admitted.

Disease germs belong in a class of very low organisms, akin to the lowest type of fungi, which seem to be part animal and part vegetable. In some cases it is difficult to tell where the plant leaves off and the animal begins. Most of such organisms breed by spores, which correspond to seeds of higher plants. Spores, however, differ vastly in their methods and periods of germination. The mass of them germinate under normal conditions, like plants in general, conditions of favorable temperature, moisture and soil. Others will only germinate under varied high temperatures or varied low temperatures. We have fungi and kindred germs, for instance, which can only germinate under terrific heat.

Given a great forest conflagration and thousands of such low organisms will breed after the flames have died; their spores opening, their mycelium (plant) running rapidly in the form of white threads, which soon bear fruit. Again, there are organisms the spores of which will only germinate under conditions of intense cold, snow and ice.

Apply these conditions to germs of low organization, both animal and plant in organization, to germs borne by a comet. Besides such germs as breed under normal conditions and which, as Dr. Gregory points out, would be protected within the meteor, such germs as are favored by the intense cold of space far from the sun, and such germs as lie dormant until friction and the approach to the sun cause terrific heat, might readily be projected on to the earth's surface.

But where, it will be asked, could the comets derive such organisms? How could a comet "catch the disease" in the first place.

This leads us to the question of what comets are. Lord Kelvin, Sir Oliver Lodge, the famous French astronomer, Flammarion, and a host of other scientists dead and living hold and hold that the majority of the comets are fragments of worlds torn to pieces by some cause or another—the debris of shattered planets. Others hold that the most of them are stuff left over after the shaping of our sun and his family. Or, as Professor Shipley, of San Francisco, who has compiled the list of visiting comets, puts it:

"They are composed of star dust, gases and meteoric matter, gathered from far outskirts of the parent nebula from which our planets were derived. Had the cosmic material been more abundant within the sphere of attraction of the comets' developing nuclei, they would in time have become small planets, perhaps only to be captured later by the giant Jupiter as satellites, or by Saturn, Uranus or Neptune, with orbits becoming ever more nearly circular as a result of collision with still richly diffused nebular material acting as an effective medium."

In these comets which originated in destruction of worlds the organisms would have been carried away with the debris and remained dormant in the cold of space. There is practically no limit to this dormancy of certain organisms. Bacilli remaining in this condition for ages in the dust of the sun-baked deserts and the frozen soil of the Southern Pole have revived in the laboratories. Proof of such tragedies in space are ample in the stony meteors, as I pointed out in a recent article of mine in this magazine.

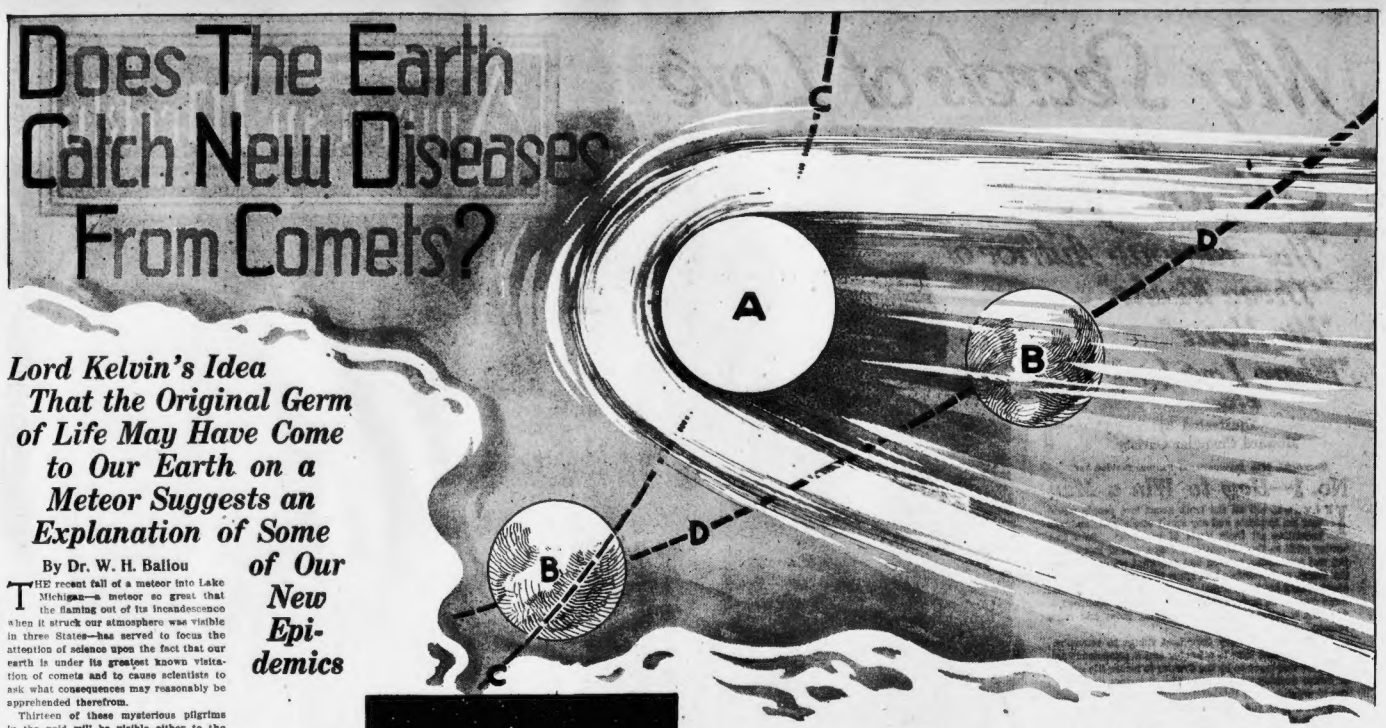
The most marvelous comet visitant of all expected this year by many is the Mexican war observer, Di Vico's long-period chap, labeled 1846 iv. While this comet has until 1922 to get here, its period of 75.71 years has an uncertainty of three years, according to von Hepperger, who defined its elements, and hence is generally expected now. It was first discovered by Professor W. C. Bond, at the Harvard Observatory, on February 26, just before the outbreak of the Mexican War. Two days later it was picked up by Professor F. Di Vico at the Rome, Italy, observatory, for whom it was somehow named instead of Bond.

Professor Shipley thus describes what we will see when this celestial wonder bursts upon our telescopes:

"At first it will be a faintly glowing, spherical object of hazy, nebulous aspect, later developing a nucleus of star-like luster, approaching our region of space with ever accelerating speed; its enveloping gases, frozen solid by inconceivably low temperature of far distant space, will begin to glow and expand in the warm rays of the energizing sun. The hydrocarbonic substances, in which the more or less solid nucleus is enveloped, will first be vaporized by the solar heat, then minute particles of cometary dust will be drawn outward by gravity, and then violently repelled by the pressure of the solar light waves, the latter being more potent than gravitation."

I would like to point out his reference to the hydro-carbonic substances in his description of the Di Vico comet. You cannot have hydro-carbons except through the agency of living organisms. The fact that this comet reveals them proves that it was once a part of a world closely akin to our own.

As for the great Lake Michigan meteor—it is not at all probable that we have anything to fear from any possible contents it may have borne. It is most likely that it burst into atoms when it struck the cold waters of the lake, and the disruptive shock minimizes its potential dangers. The description, however, of its tremendous flame shows that it must have been rich in hydro-carbonic substances and that it was therefore a fragment of a world once rich with life and wiped out by the hand of Destiny reaching through the Cosmos.



How the Earth Was Bathed in the Tail of Halley's Comet During the Fall of 1910. A, Is the Head of the Comet; B, the Earth; C, the Intersecting Point of Earth's Orbit D and the Comet's Orbit E, Showing How Narrowly Actual Collision Was Missed. A Little After Our Immersion in the Comet's Streamers Began the Outbreak of a New Form of Influenza Plague in Manchuria and the East.

A Photograph of Donati's Comet Whose Tail, as Shown in the Picture, Met with a Mysterious Accident in Space, Thus Proving That It Was Composed of Substantial Matter.

The Hon. John Collier's Remarkable Painting "The Black Death," the Plague Which Swept Asia, England and Europe Shortly After the Appearance of a Great Comet.

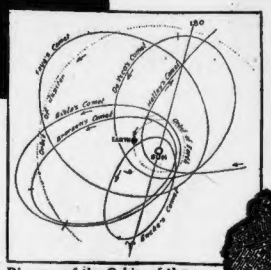


Diagram of the Orbits of the Best Known Comets, Showing Their Paths Around the Sun and Their Intersection With the Orbit of the Earth.

A Cross Section of a Meteorite Showing the Narrow Belt of Matter Fused by Friction with the Atmosphere and the Cracks and Crevices Where Whole Colonies of Bacilli Could Lurk Untouched by the Heat Generated by the Meteorites Fall.

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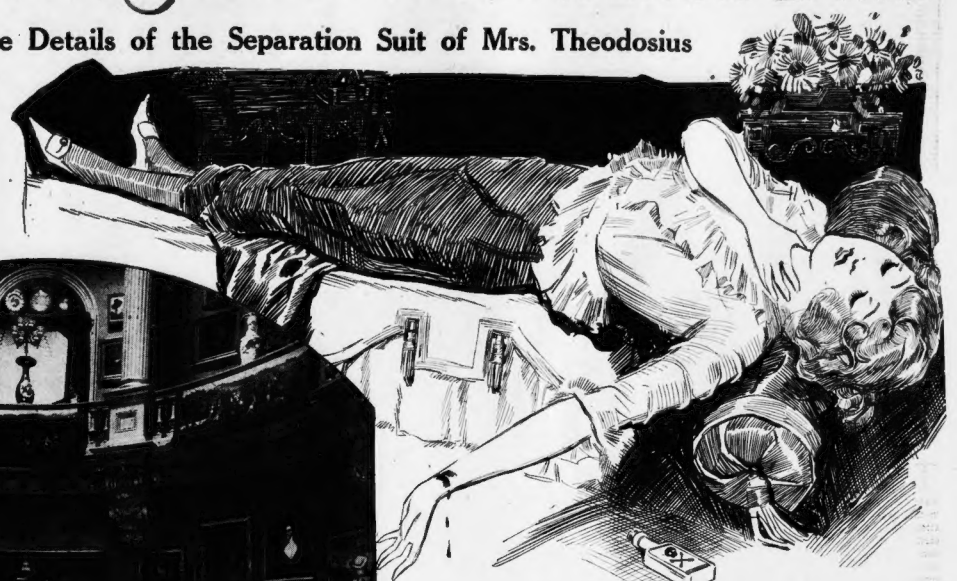
Mystery of Her Bleeding Wrist and "Medicine" Bottle

Fashionable Society Awaits the Details of the Separation Suit of Mrs. Theodosius Stevens to Clear Up the Secrets of That August Afternoon When the Young Wife Was Found Among Such Tragic Surroundings



The Unconscious Form of Mrs. Stevens Was Found, Her Left Wrist Slashed by the Blade of a Safety Razor and a "Medicine" Bottle at Hand.

THE recent published announcement that proceedings for divorce had been begun by Mrs. Frances Watts Stevens against her husband, Theodosius H. Stevens, member of the fashionable Stevens family of New York and New Jersey and brother of the master of the famous Castle Stevens at Castle Point, Hoboken, has revived most intensely the interest of fashionable society in the attempt at suicide of this young and charming wife last August.

The Stevenses have been married less than three years. Their match was considered, at the first, an ideal one, and when the little more than bride was carried from the Sea Spray Hotel at Easthampton, Long Island, unconscious from a drug she had taken and with the veins of her left wrist severed, great indeed was the consternation in the high social circles in which she had moved. Many, too, were the conjectures.

It was known that despite the fair auguries which had attended the launching of their marital craft it had sailed a year ago into troublesome waters. There were hints of estrangement. It was known that the wife was living alone in the Long Island hotel. Mrs. Stevens was temperamental and Mr. Stevens was inclined to be matter of fact.

Yet, whatever incompatibility existed between them, everyone was certain that the husband not possibly have given the wife any real cause to kill herself. Mr. Stevens is a gentleman of education, cultivated and kindly. It is true he is seventeen years older than Mrs. Stevens.

There was an explanation offered that grief over the death of her father, the late Ethelbert Watts, diplomat and statesman, once Vice-Consul of Russia and during the early years of the war American Consul-General at Brussels, had caused the attempt.

It was whispered, too, that she had never really forgotten a certain young officer of King Albert's staff who had been violently in love with her, with whom, it was said, she had been as much in love, and who had been killed in the first year of strife.

But the majority wondered whether the strain of keeping up appearances, of entertaining the smart people who were their own kind upon an entirely inadequate income had not accentuated the differences of temperament and widened the rift between the two, until to the wife's overwrought nerves and high-strung temperament death seemed preferable to the life she had been leading.

The mystery of Mrs. Stevens's attempt at suicide has never lost its interest, and now fashionable society is wondering whether in the papers which will be filed there will be revealed the true cause—hints that Balzac might have used for another book of his Comedie Humane, or which would have provided Thackeray another chapter for Vanity Fair.

Mrs. Stevens herself says, "I have not yet decided whether the legal action will be for separation or for absolute divorce."

Still another curious factor is added by the apparent friendliness of the pair upon all matters except as to living together as husband and wife. They met several weeks ago in their apartment at No. 10 East Fiftieth street, and divided their furniture between them, each moving to a separate domicile.

Mrs. Stevens said, "I met Mr. Stevens a week ago and we both laughed together heartily over some of the rumors which had been flying around regarding our disagreement. Among other things I had heard that Mr. Stevens is going to divorce me, which, of course, is absolutely untrue."

Mrs. Stevens was Frances Watts, of the old Philadelphia family of that name. She comes from a long line of aristocrats who won honors in diplomatic affairs. Her grandfather was the American Minister to Austria. She herself is a beauty.

During the most formative years of her life, from fifteen to twenty-one or two, the girl lived in Brussels, where she saw and later became part of the brilliant cosmopolitan society of that very gay city. She was thrown constantly into the company of men of true continental training and tradition; her ideas of what a man should be were formed therefore on a basis foreign to American ideals.

Photo by Moneeau—Philadelphia

The Rotunda of the Interesting Old Stevens Mansion at Castle Point, Hoboken, and Portrait of Mrs. Theodosius Stevens.

She was past her twenty-first birthday when war broke out, and being in Philadelphia at the time could not return to Belgium. At that time Miss Watts was a radiant young beauty, with what Henner had called "glorious hair of red and fire," and her dash of foreign piquancy added to her charm. She was a favorite, particularly in the brilliant young married set in New York, and naturally was besieged by suitors.

The war threw her into a fit of melancholy. It was openly stated that she was in love, perhaps even engaged, to a Belgian officer on King Albert's staff. It was no secret that this man had been a constant caller at the Watts home in Brussels, and was with her more than any other. When war came he followed his King, and was reported to be in the greatest danger.

Later, when Miss Watts withdrew from all social life for several weeks, it was reported that this suitor, a nobleman of fortune, had been killed. As no formal announcement of an engagement had been made, no formal recognition of his death was given by the Watts family, and gradually Miss Frances slipped back into her former social niche.

She became the leader in the relief work for the Belgians, and New York saw her frequently in the war tableaux and other benefits given for Belgian babies. Her dashing beauty and dark hair made her a spectacular figure in entertainments that netted large sums for the stricken country.

Finally her activities led to a friendship with Mrs. Richard Stevens, of Castle Point, the historic home of the distinguished Stevens family on the Hoboken side of the Hudson River. Mrs. Stevens, who was older than Miss Watts, was a striking brunette, as beautiful in her way as the Philadelphia belle. The two became great friends; they were splendid foils for each other, and were well nigh inseparable.

Mrs. Dick, as society called her, had been born a Stevens and had married her cousin. She had a younger brother, Theodosius—"Teddy"—who, though very serious minded, was popular in his sister's crowd.

Logically enough, he met Miss Watts, and eventually fell madly in love with her.

Society did not take his love affair very seriously—for the two were so dissimilar in taste and outlook on life. The girl was used to the superficial but very delightful manners of the Continental men.

Stevens, on the other hand, was a downright, rather stolid American, who looked upon women as more or less his equals. He had graduated from Columbia in 1900, studied law and was already well known in his profession. He was also deeply interested in politics, and had been appointed counsel to the Bronx Parkway Commission. His family tradition was one of serious effort and splendid accomplishment. He was the grand-nephew of the Edwin A. Stevens who founded the Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken, and whose engineering prowess had given him an international reputation.

Into his life, at forty-two, floated the delightfully brilliant young butterfly from Philadelphia, a girl who knew little of and cared less for law and politics. Mrs. Dick saw her chance to make a match, and, woman-like, did her best to bring it about, irrespective of what might happen after.

With the passing of time and the pressing tragedies of the three years of fighting, Miss Watts had outgrown or controlled the sorrow brought to her by the death of her reported lover. She first became mildly interested in her new admirer, and later apparently fell in love with him. In January, 1917, their engagement was announced, and in March they were married.

Following a short wedding trip the happy couple settled down in New York, and society having given them the once-over left them alone as objects of gossip. All looked most happy on the surface. And in the beginning they were happy.

Several months went by before any uneasiness was roused. Then it became evident that all was not well in the new household. Rumors of friction, of quarrels even, over money matters and over temperamental differences, went up and down Fifth Avenue. Finally these rumors reached the castle over on the Jersey side of the river, and great was the consternation in the family stronghold. The Richard Stevenses flew to the rescue, but the objects of their solicitude would not talk. They were patently unhappy, but would admit nothing. Neither would they accept money from their richer folk.

And in this regard it was recalled that young Mrs. Stevens had always been determinedly independent in money matters. Indeed, not long before her marriage she found it difficult to get along on her own small income and decided to go upon the stage. But so shrunken were her resources that although a position was open to her, she did not have money enough to buy her costumes for it. She went into motion pictures—hiding her real identity—and in a few weeks earned enough to buy the dresses and hats for the more ambitious part. After that the play went upon the road, but failed. Although her relatives in Philadelphia are numerous and wealthy, she would accept no help from them.

So it was not long after the wedding that the clash of ideals and temperaments began. As a member of the Stevens family Theodosius had a goodly income and this he added to with his law work. But there is an appalling difference between what is necessary for a single man to be comfortable upon in fashionable society and what is necessary for a young couple. They were entertained and had to entertain in turn. Mrs. Stevens had known, of course, before she married that her husband was not in the multi-millionaire class. But she had not realized the difference between a "good income" and a really big fortune. Brought up as she had been by indulgent American parents, she had been given everything in reason and assumed that her husband could, of course, give her a great deal more. She had no dot, because Ethelbert Watts was in no position to settle a fortune on his daughter, but after her marriage he did continue her allowance. This, however, did not place her, financially, on a par with the young married women who formed her social setting.

In plain English, even so early in her married life, Mrs. Stevens found that she could not compete with the gay Long Island colony, led by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. George F. Baker, Jr., Mrs. Goadby Loew and others whose incomes ran into many millions. Being high spirited and fond of giving as good as she received, Mrs. Stevens became unhappy.

One of her greatest complaints was that her husband's interest in politics interfered with his money making, and she tried hard to make him give up his ambitions, and settle down to grubbing for wealth.

Now, Mr. Stevens takes his public duty very seriously; he had ideals and he wished to preserve them; also he really longed to give his beautiful wife everything her heart was set on. As a lawyer with a social background, Mr. Stevens realized that while Greenwich Village may be a state of mind, Fifth avenue is undoubtedly a state of the pocketbook, but even this realization could not make him change his method of living and working.

The seventeen years difference between the husband and wife suddenly became very apparent; he saw himself ten years from now a settled man of fifty-six, with a brilliant, society-loving wife of thirty-three or four, eager to be a real leader in her set and more than eager to have millions at her command. This depressed him, but served to make him work harder, day and night.

His wife, naturally, saw the same picture. She also saw her husband wearing himself out in his effort to live up to his ideals. She developed even greater unhappiness and depression.

Last Summer she wanted to take a Southampton house and assume a prominent position in that very smart and expensive colony. Mr. Stevens refused and suggested that they spend the Summer quietly at Easthampton, just a short drive from the gayer place.

There were many bitter discussions before this course was decided upon. Finally the husband and wife appeared at the hotel in Easthampton and after a few days' visit the former returned to New York and business and the latter spent four days with her friends in Southampton, but making the hotel her headquarters.

Mr. Stevens, according to the hotel proprietor, did not come down to Easthampton again. Shortly after noon on August 1 cries of a woman calling for help were heard on the beach and a crowd of bathers rushed inward the hotel. Mrs. Stevens, it developed, had been found in her room unconscious from loss of blood and from some internal trouble, due, it was said, to poison. Doctors called, took her instantly to the Southampton Hospital, eighteen miles away, and superhuman efforts were made to save her life and to keep the trouble a complete secret.

Mr. Stevens was sent for, but he, like every public official and personal friend, refused to talk.

And so for four months the "conspiracy of silence" has done its full work. Society talked for a while and then decided to await the course of events. The published report of Mrs. Stevens's divorce suit against her husband proves that watchful waiting sometimes has its reward.

Mr. Stevens, it is said, has entered no protest, but will let the divorce go through unquestioned. Society smiles confidently and says that before long its curiosity will be gratified and the true explanation of the Easthampton mystery will be known.

It is no puzzling thing for society-bred women to get divorces, but attempted suicide is very different.

The Famous Stevens's Residence.

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As If Massenet's Ghost Forbade the Opera

How the Dying Composer's Sentimental Whim Was Invoked by Lucy Arbell, the English Prima Donna, to Forbid Mary Garden to Sing the Title Role in "Cleopatra"

Lucy Arbell, Who the Dying Composer, Massenet, Declared Should Be the Only Woman Who Should Sing the Title Role in His Magnificent Opera of Ancient Egypt.

WHEN the great French composer Massenet died he tied up his famous opera "Cleopatra" with a strange stipulation in his will—that the magnificent title role of the opera should be sung only by the composer's dear friend, Miss Lucy Arbell. And this sentimental whim of the dying composer has haunted this opera ever since—as if Massenet's ghost reached out from his grave to jealously safeguard the interests of the woman he loved so dearly.

And thus it happened that Mary Garden came face to face with this spectral forbidding hand of the great composer when she attempted to sing Cleopatra a few weeks ago in Paris. The French courts were appealed to for an injunction to forbid her to sing the role of the enchantress of the Nile, because Massenet had so directed in his will.

Already the same plea had been made to another court and an injunction had been issued in Monte Carlo some years ago forbidding Mme. Marie Kousnezoff, the Russian prima donna, to appear as Cleopatra. Miss Arbell brought the legal proceedings at that time and secured her injunction.

Everything was ready at the Monte Carlo Opera House. The company had been assembled and the costumes had been prepared with great magnificence. The charming and very pretty Russian singer was an exquisite figure in the role of the Siren of the Nile. The programmes had been printed and the tickets had been sold.

Under these circumstances the court which issued the injunction decided that the performance might go on provided the managers of the opera furnish a generous bond to satisfy any damages which their production of the opera might do to Lucy Arbell and her claims under the will of the dead composer.

The opera was produced. Lucy Arbell brought suit against the executors of the Massenet estate because they had authorized the production of the opera contrary to the terms of the will and had received the royalties from the productions. It was an interesting suit and Lucy Arbell won a verdict of $6,000, which has been appealed by the administrators of the estate.

When, the other day, Mary Garden was billed in the title role of this magnificent opera in Paris Lucy Arbell began once more to put in motion the same legal machinery which she had invoked in the courts at Monte Carlo to restrain the beautiful Russian prima donna.

But the French courts took a rather different view, a rather broader view than the courts of Monte Carlo. Considering all the facts in the situation, the French courts declined to grant an injunction because it would shut out from the public a meritorious presentation of a great musical work of art interpreted by one of the foremost musical artistes of the day. While it was true, the court argued, that a literal interpretation of the dead composer's wishes would undoubtedly forbid this presentation of Massenet's Cleopatra unless Lucy Arbell sang the leading part, yet there were other and broader considerations than the sentimental whim of the old composer.

And what actual damage would be done by not interfering with Mary Garden's appearance in the title role? Since Massenet himself had passed to the world beyond, no actual physical or mental suffering would come to him. Since the producers of the opera would pay the customary royalties to the estate of Massenet, then no financial loss or injury would come to Massenet's heirs. And since Massenet's immediate family were willing to license the production of the opera without Lucy Arbell in the title role, then no grievance arose for these immediate heirs of the composer.

When the court came to consider the relationship of Miss Lucy Arbell herself it reasoned that since Miss Arbell was not invited to sing in the title role she was not being personally crowded out of a possible opportunity of substituting herself for Mary Garden. What then remained as to Lucy Arbell's claim for damages? There appeared to be nothing which could not be determined by a jury which could listen to all the facts of the case and assess what ever monetary damages Miss Arbell was entitled to. And this verdict of damages, if there should be one, would have to be paid by Massenet's estate.

If, therefore, the administrator of Massenet's estate would put up a sufficient bond to satisfy any verdict of damages which Lucy Arbell might eventually get from a French court because Mary Garden sang the role of Cleopatra, then the opera might be sung. And so it was that Mary Garden was enabled at last to sing Cleopatra at the opening of the splendid new Parisian playhouse, the Theatre Lyrique, on October 29, in spite of the spectral hand of the dead composer.

The story behind this tale of a haunted opera is one of the last love of a genius of many loves. Jules Frederick Emile Massenet had a pupil and friend in Lucy Arbell. She was a handsome English woman who had lived so long in Paris that she was in spirit and in manner a Parisienne. Her name was Georgette Wallace. She was the sister of Captain Richard Wallace, of the British army.

Massenet was unlike most composers. He did not emphasize the voice of the singer who created his roles. He considered first and last and most of the time her personality. Did she look the part? Was she the type who might have caused the conflict of wills, the clash of love and hate, the tragedy of the opera in real life? If she was gloriously beautiful and might be the living, palpitating heroine of a songless drama she would serve. Often her personality inspired the writing of the opera. He wrote the opera Cleopatra with an eye of intense admiration upon Lucy Arbell.

"I am fortunate in having the perfect type for Cleopatra. She looks Cleopatra, lives Cleopatra, is Cleopatra reincarnate," he said, his dark eyes glowing, his nervous, tapering fingers striking great crashing chords on the piano.

"But, chere maitre," protested a famous French singer who had toured the Summer resorts of France and Switzerland with Miss Arbell, "I trust I do not offend you when I remind you of the voice. She sings like a pheasant."

Massenet struck more chords. "Her voice will improve. I am teaching her," he replied less nervously, with more dignity. "What matters is that she is Cleopatra. Her voice is secondary."

He died in his seventieth year. Dying he remembered Cleopatra and Miss Arbell. He wrote a line which he intended to be a codicil to his will. He said, "It is my wish that my friend and pupil, Mlle. Lucy Arbell, shall create the role of Cleopatra and that she alone shall sing it if she so desire."

But in spite of this, upon the broad reasoning of the French courts, as already outlined above, Mary Garden thrilled fashionable Paris at the Lyrique with a splendid presentation of Cleopatra. But the performance was haunted by a woman's tears and the foiled will of the dead composer.

For Massenet was the man who did not care. He was the artist extraordinary, the man who placed his love before his work.

Lucy Arbell, a handsome English woman, shed the last glow of romance over his declining years. He wrote his last operas for her. Sitting at the piano he had taught her to sing the title roles. What though a French opera singer, touring the Summer resorts with her in Terese and Werther, said: "It is dreadful. One of the most beautiful blondes in the world! But her voice!"

Mme. Marie Kousnezoff, the Russian Prima Donna, Against Whom Miss Arbell Secured a Court Injunction.

Massenet was the exceptional artist. Eugene Walter, actuated by love of his art, refused to allow his wife, Charlotte Walker, to appear in one of his plays. Nor tears nor entreaties swayed him. "Not this time, dear. You may act in one of my plays, but not in this," he said. And his will prevailed. So Willard Mack, the musicless Massenet, who wrote plays for all of his three successive wives, would not permit his recent third, Pauline Frederick, to play the title role in a drama of his.

"Another, not this," he said. Which may have contributed to their recent divorce.

Both these playwrights loved their wives. But they loved their plays more.

Yet Massenet, foremost composer of France, cared not who sang his operas, provided she was beautiful and he was enamored of her.

He wrote "Esclarmonde" for Sibyl Sanderson.

"But her voice is thin and worn. Except for her high G there is nothing notable in her voice," counseled her friends.

"I care not. She will fill the eye gloriously. She is the only American singer I have ever known who has temperament. You will see that she will sing it," he answered.

She did, and Paris accepted her. It talked of her beauty and her temperament and said little of her voice. It said with a shrug of its accustomed shoulders: "That is the way of Massenet."

When Jules Emile Frederik Massenot wrote an opera for a woman Paris did not say: "Is this a new voice?" It said, "Is this a new fancy of chere Maitre's!" Usually it was.

He wrote "Thais," a second opera, for the magnificent Sibyl Sanderson, but allowed Lina Cavalieri to create the role. Because in the interval between "Esclarmonde" and "Thais" the beauteous Californienne had fallen hopelessly in love with Antonio Terry, the Cuban multimillionaire.

Learning which, Massenet wrote another opera for someone else—"La Navaraise," for Emma Calve. The sumptuous singer created La Navaraise, and for a long time Massenet cherished for her an exceeding admiration.

It is the gossip of Paris that La Belle Sanderson, returning from America, her country that had coldly received her, went to the composer's studio and begged him to write another opera for her.

"But no!" he said, with a bow. "You are unhappily in love. One cannot sing when she is unhappily in love. It is happy love that releases the imprisoned voice from the dungeons of the heart."

It was, too, the gossip of Paris that, crushed by her disappointment, the lovely Sanderson swallowed a dose of a poisonous drug. A doctor and a stomach pump ended the dramatic interview. Massenet never wrote another opera for her.

But in the case of the beautiful Englishwoman, a daughter, so Paris says, of Sir Richard Wallace, of England, there were no intrusive other lovers. Miss Arbell resided and studied in Paris. Miss Arbell was devoted to her art and her chere maitre. Her reward was two operas.

For her he wrote "Don Gulchotte," and for her "Cleopatre." An American who visited the French genius a year before his death heard from him: "Miss Lucy Arbell is especially fitted to create the roles."

He wrote in his memoirs, "Sibyl Sanderson—it is not without painful emotion that I recall this artiste clutched by pitiless death in her full beauty and the expanding glory of her talent. She was one of the most magnificently gifted persons I have ever known."

No critic ever wrote such praise of the beautiful woman with the uneven voice, but the critics were not Massenets.

His "Memoirs" were gallant human documents. In them occurs a tribute to Mme. Massenet, who was one of the heirs who was forced into litigation by the persistent claims of Miss Lucy Arbell.

"While in Italy and mounting the 300 steps which lead to the Ara Coeli, I met two women who struck me as being elegant foreigners. My glance was particularly charmed by the face of the younger.

"A few days after this meeting I was at Liszt's house and recognized among the guests of the illustrious master the two women I had seen at the Ara Coeli. I learned almost immediately that the younger had come to Rome with her family and that she had been referred to Liszt that he might suggest a musician capable of directing her musical studies. Liszt immediately sent her to me.

"You have guessed, my dear children, that this exquisite young girl was she who, two years later, was to become my loving wife, the attentive and at times worried companion of my days, the witness of my frailties and my strength, of my sadness and joys."

Massenet, who wrote "Manon" and "Cendrillon," "Ariane" and "Les Jongleur de Paris," was accounted an excellent business man. But of this he gave no evidence when he arranged for the production of his last work. He left a scribbled line: "I desire that my friend and pupil, Lucy Arbell, be permitted to create the role of Cleopatre if she wishes."

She did wish. With all the intensity of her nature she wished to be the first Cleopatre. But the hastily written request was not litigation proof.

Raoul Gunsburg, manager of the Monte Carlo Opera House, ignoring the injunction secured by her, produced "Cleopatre" with Marie Kousnezoff in the title role.

Monsieur Gunsburg retained Maitre Labori, the eloquent defender of Dreyfus, who saved the alleged traitor from Devil's Island, to defend him. Labori argued that the general and artistic reputation of so great a composer as Jules Massenet best would be preserved by ignoring a bequest which obviously was the outcome of an emotional sentiment for an intimate friend. The higher court granted Miss Arbell six thousand dollars damages.

The Chicago Opera Company, desiring to produce "Cleopatre," arranged with the publishers of the opera, Hugel & Company, of Paris, for the rights to produce it in America. Last season Mary Garden sang it in Chicago and New York without let or hindrance from the actively litigant Miss Arbell.

Campanini intends again to repeat it in both cities and says Miss Arbell must present to the publishers any legal claims she may have upon the opera.

But the beautiful Englishwoman, it seems, protests only against other artists singing the part in Paris. When she learned that the managers of the new Theatre Lyrique, in Paris, were to produce it she asked for another injunction. Mary Garden sang Cleopatre at the new theatre, then sailed for America. And Miss Arbell threatens another suit for damages.

Musicians call "Cleopatre" the haunted opera. Certainly it is haunted by Miss Arbell's memories and foiled ambitions. And by memories of the composer who believed "All for love and the world well lost."

Mary Garden in the Costume of Cleopatra, Which Lucy Arbell Tried to Stop Her from Singing in Paris.

"This sentimental whim of the dying composer has haunted his opera ever since; as if Massenet's ghost reached out from his grave to jealously safeguard the interests of the woman he loved so dearly."

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Why Fashionable Society is so Curious About Robert Goelet's Italian Bride

Pretty Fernanda Riabouchinsky, Divorced and Glad of a $40-a-Week Job, Suddenly Has a Turn of Luck, Meets Goelet and Finally Becomes the Multi-Millionaire's Bride

Photo by CHARLOTTE SWING FILE

Photo by Bruno Studio

Unusual and Intimate Photographs of Mme. Riabouchinsky Who Is Now in the Centre of Fashionable New York Society.

THE marriage of Robert Goelet, once called "the world's richest bachelor," to the strange, fascinating Madame Fernanda Rocchi Riabouchinsky, sometimes called "Princess Riabouchinsky," is the most astonishing social occurrence of the day. Although the event occurred in Paris on October 22 it is discussed as much as ever, for the couple have yet to appear in society in this country—and never did a bride face so many curious questions which fashionable society would like to know the answer to.

Was she a "Princess" or was she not? She permitted herself to be called "Princess" and then suddenly refused to allow people to call her by this title.

Was she crazy for a dramatic "career" or was she not? She signed a stage contract with great enthusiasm and then she said she couldn't possibly think of going on the stage.

Was she seeking a chance to exploit herself in the newspapers or was she not? She arranged for a series of articles and gladly posed for a bunch of photographs generously revealing her charming face and figure, and then insisted that she really couldn't consent to having the articles published.

She signed a contract to work for $40 a week—and suddenly asked to be released from it. What was the sudden turn of the wheel of fortune that changed all her plans?

Fashionable society awaits the arrival of Mr. Goelet's interesting bride and would like to know the answer to these puzzling questions.

In the first place it must be remembered who Robert Goelet is. He comes from one of the oldest of Knickerbocker families and owns the largest block of New York real estate after the Astors. Much of the Goelet property is on Fifth avenue and Madison avenue near Fiftieth street. His wealth has been reckoned at $100,000,000. His relatives on this side include the Gerrys and Vanderbilts and many others of similar importance, and his sister is the Duchess of Roxburghe in England.

On the other hand Madame Rocchi Riabouchinsky is the daughter of a poor professor and never had any fashionable social position.

She came here from Russia with a husband whose name was certainly a mouthful to pronounce and who wore luxuriant whiskers and who planned to hold a sale of "antiquities." Then she obtained a divorce from that husband.

And then began a succession of episodes in the new Mrs. Goelet's career that fill society with wondering curiosity, some of which have been already mentioned.

It was late in 1915 that Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Riabouchinsky first approached American shores by way of the Pacific. He was quoted as saying that he brought several millions with him to purchase munitions for Russia.

The Russian couple established their New York headquarters in a handsome suite of rooms in the Hotel Knickerbocker, a resort for the lively element of society. They had with them a large collection of art objects which were described in a catalogue as being paintings by such noted Old Masters as Lippo Lippi, Luini, Hans Memling and Cranach, not to mention Van Dyck and a few others. There were also porcelains by the greatest Renaissance masters of France, and antique bronzes from Italy.

Riabouchinsky valued this collection at a mere $1,000,000 and said he proposed to devote the proceeds also to buying munitions for Russia. He professed himself unable to speak English, and his beautiful Italian wife acted as interpreter. Concerning her origin we have definite information, for Robert Goelet's office has issued a statement, saying:

"Mrs. Riabouchinsky is twenty-four years old and is the daughter of Professor and Mrs. Mariano Rocchi, of Perugia, Italy, where Professor Rocchi holds the chair of Painting and Design at the University of Perugia."

When Madame Riabouchinsky was living with her first husband Bohemian society loved to call her "Princess," but she has since given it to be understood that she had no claim to the title. Her husband is said to have been a member of the Russian diplomatic service, an official of the Bank of Moscow and a writer on art, dancing and other matters under the Czar's regime—rather an astonishing and surprising collection of accomplishments.

At the Hotel Knickerbocker stage the lovely Madame or "Princess" Riabouchinsky was pathetically desirous to have a "career," to be known as an actress or an exponent of physical culture or a writer or topics associated with those callings.

She met the New York theatrical manager, Morris Gest, and eagerly accepted from him an offer to display her beauty in various roles for the modest salary of $40 a week. It is interesting to remember that she now enjoys the revenue from about $100,000,000 of New York real estate.

"The Prince and Princess were stopping at the Knickerbocker Hotel," said Mr. Gest. "She saw one of my productions, was impressed with it and sought me out.

"She told me that she desired a career, that she was not satisfied with her life as it was, and wanted my judgment upon her abilities. The moment I looked upon her I knew that here was a find such as one makes only in a generation. She had beauty and grace, but besides these she had also that indefinable thing which we call magnetism. Furthermore, she was extremely intelligent and temperamental. I recognized at once that with proper training here was a woman who might become a second Bernhardt, another Duse, and she was most beautiful!

"We entered into a contract, she accepting the terms most willingly. The first year she was to receive $40 a week—no little because that year would necessarily be spent largely in her training. The second year she was to receive $200 a week, and the third year $500 a week. And then she sent a lawyer around to ask me to release her from the contract!

"Already at that time I had acquired the rights of the great scenic production, 'Aphrodite.' I had intended to really make her debut as Chrysys, the priestess of Aphrodite, the Alexandrian courtesan, who is the heroine of this great play. In the meantime I had cast her for Beauty in the play 'Experience,' and intended, after she had found herself a little more, to rehearse her as Passion in that same play."

At about the same time Madame Riabouchinsky undertook to write for a newspaper a series of articles describing how she had cultivated her remarkable beauty and giving valuable advice to women who were desirous of attaining similar perfection.

Just after these occurrences, in June, 1916, a deeply significant event took place. Madame Riabouchinsky sued her husband, commonly known as "Prince," for divorce in the New York Supreme Court. She alleged that "an unknown woman" had alienated her husband's affections. Just before this Riabouchinsky had been sued in a Federal court for $45,000 which he refused to pay on the ground that it was a gambling debt. Madame Riabouchinsky said it was through this case that she learned of her husband's infatuation for the other woman. Madame Rinbouchinsky obtained her divorce.

At this time, or, perhaps, a little earlier, the lovely Italian woman had made the acquaintance of the multi-millionaire, Robert Goelet. Accounts generally agree that they first came together through their mutual interest in Red Cross work, in which Mr. Goelet was very active, even before the United States entered the war.

It is not venturing much to say that the multi-millionaire was deeply impressed with her from the first. She had the figure of a delicious young wood nymph and dressed in exquisite taste, but in a very picturesque, unusual and highly artistic style. The combination of rich Italian beauty with a highly cultivated sense of the charm of drapery and just a touch of Russian mystery and strangeness was one which might have stolen the senses of any man. The social prejudices which Mr. Goelet has defied in order to marry her prove the force of the charm which he experienced.

Before beginning her divorce suit Madame Riabouchinsky moved from the lively Hotel Knickerbocker to a very dignified, artistic and charming apartment at No. 449 Park avenue.

Then a complete and most surprising change occurred in Madame, sometimes called "Princess," Riabouchinsky's views of life. She felt no longer the least desire to have "a career," to become a great actress, to be a gifted writer for the press on elevating themes, or to teach other women to develop the priceless gift of beauty.

The newspaper had already gratified her early ambition by beginning the publication of her articles on beauty culture. Suddenly a lawyer engaged by Madame Riabouchinsky obtained an injunction against that newspaper, forbidding the continuation of the series. The lawyer stated most particularly that Madame Riabouchinsky did not want to be called "Princess," to be represented as an actress or would-be actress, or public performer of any kind, or to be spoken of as an expert on beauty and beauty culture.

At nearly the same time she haughtily served notice on the pained and astonished Mr. Gest that she would not appear as Beauty or Passion, or even as Aphrodite, herself, for the munificent sum of $40 a week or for any other sum.

"Everything seemed splendid," said Mr. Gest, commenting on this episode. "She was happy in the career opening to her and I was happy in having found such a woman. I say again that her qualifications for the stage were such as are found only once in a generation.

"Judge, then, of my amazement, my complete astonishment, when one day an attorney called upon me, saying that it had all been a great mistake, that the Princess had changed her mind and wished to be released of her contract. Quite naturally I asked why. The only answer was that she had changed her mind. Only a few hours before this, practically, I had listened to Madame's enthusiasms. I asked for an interview with her to ascertain just what had occurred. My request was refused, and as a gentleman, of course, there was nothing else for me to do but release her from her contract."

Reports that Robert Goelet was about to marry Madame Riabouchinsky became current. Society had observed his rapt devotion to her for some time. His attendance upon her suffered a considerable interruption at one time, for when war broke out he went to an officers' training camp, subsequently obtained a commission.

Upon his return to this country his devotion to the lovely Madame Riabouchinsky became obvious to all those who follow the doings of the inner set of New York society.

In the Summer the curious noticed that Mr. Goelet's great house at Newport was being repaired. It had been neglected and more or less unoccupied since his first wife, once noted as the beautiful Elsie Whelen, obtained a divorce from him in 1914.

In August Mr. Goelet sailed for France. When asked plainly if he was going to marry Madame Riabouchinsky, he smiled happily and said it would be best to inquire of her. She had already preceded him on the road to Paris. In due course came an announcement that on October 22 they had been married at the American Church in Paris.

The official announcement from Mr. Goelet's office made it clear that the couple after a few weeks' honeymoon intended to "reside permanently in New York."

Society awaits with keen interest and curiosity the arrival of this new and unusual young woman who is such a mystery and such a contradiction.

They do not, of course, have to live in New York. Mr. Goelet has a beautiful estate in France, noted for its game preserves, and if that did not suit them they could live in any country that pleased them.

The command of the Goelet millions must be a delightful sensation to the poor professor's daughter and more than console her for the sacrifice of her "career" and the opportunity to appear as Beauty and Passion in "Experience."

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Astonishing Revelations of W.E.D. Stokes'

The Stokes Stock Farm in Kentucky.

THAT W. E. D. Stokes is "so morose and ill-natured in his disposition and so filthy and degraded in his personal habits and generally so coarse, disgusting and loathsome as a man, that life with him has become intolerable" is one of the many reasons sworn to by Mrs. Stokes for begging the courts to grant her a divorce from the well-known New York multi-millionaire.

And in his suit for divorce against his wife Stokes names four men with whom he asserts Mrs. Stokes has had improper relations. One of these is his own son by a former wife—W. E. D. Stokes, Jr.

But to all this the young wife enters a vigorous denial and explains these shocking charges by asserting that for a long time Stokes "has been scheming, plotting and planning to defraud her of her legal rights and destroy her good name."

Is the young wife of Mr. Stokes the abandoned creature he says she is—a woman promiscuous and common almost beyond belief?

Or is this young wife the victim of a conspiracy to get rid of her and her children and rob her of her wifely share of her aged husband's millions?

The courts will have to answer these questions. Meanwhile there are many illuminating sidelights on the domestic life of Stokes which are interesting.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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WHEN the divorce suit of W. E. D. Stokes and his young wife, Helen Elwood Stokes, comes before the court some extraordinary testimony will be offered in support and in denial of the many and varied charges that have been made by both parties. Many scenes of domestic discord will be brought to the attention of the court, and the family and fireside habits of the old millionaire will be pictured in detail.

In her papers filed in court Mrs. Stokes asks for a liberal allowance to get together the necessary evidence to meet the charges Stokes makes against her, "in view of the number of years he has been scheming, plotting and planning to defraud her of her legal rights and destroy her good name," and because of the old millionaire's "acknowledged repute for sagacity."

This worldly wisdom and cunning was first revealed to the young wife in the newspaper accounts of the evidence brought out in court in the trial of Lillian Graham, who shot Stokes in her apartment in June, 1911, and referred to last Sunday on this page.

When Miss Graham was invited to visit Stokes at his big stock farm in Kentucky she thought she was to be one of several guests. But when she arrived she found she was the only visitor on the place—the table that evening was set for two, to her surprise. Miss Graham swore she stepped off the train an innocent and unsuspecting girl—three nights and two days later she left Stokes's farm ruined.

But a curious thing had happened. Stokes had in his possession a very remarkable letter written by the young girl, in which she bluntly confessed going about with other men. This letter was so worded as to relieve Stokes of danger from criminal prosecution for having the girl at the farm. With such a document in his possession no girl could hope to sue Stokes for damages for what happened at that stock farm in Kentucky.

This remarkable letter was only three lines long, but it was constructed with great sagacity and cool foresight. It began:

"Mr. Stokes, you need have no fear of my causing you any trouble." The next sentence minced neither words nor morals. It was signed "Lillian."

The rare wisdom and great sagacity of Stokes in providing himself with that "confession" letter was a revelation to Mrs. Stokes. On the witness stand in the prosecution of Lillian Graham for shooting him Mr. Stokes was asked about his relations with Lillian Graham, and he testified that she had come with her sister, Mrs. Singleton, to the Ansonia Hotel, where Stokes lived, and that they had an apartment for which they paid $1,800 a year.

QUESTION.—Were you not very attentive to the young women right from the start?

ANSWER BY STOKES.—No, sir; I wasn't any more solicitous than any one else around the hotel.

Q.—Didn't you buy Miss Graham candy and other presents?

A.—Not that I can recall.

Q.—But you took her out automobiling several times?

A.—Yes, I took her out in the auto.

Q.—You took her out several times, didn't you?

A.—I can't remember. I used to use the machine every evening.

Q.—And you took her out alone, didn't you?

A.—Sometimes.

Q.—And am I to understand from your statement that you gave her no presents and she was "chasing" you?

A.—Yes, she was.

Q.—And you were fighting to keep away from her?

A.—Well, I wouldn't say I was fighting.

Q.—And she solicited you to take her down to your stock farm at Lexington, Ky.?

A.—Yes

Q.—You were resisting her attentions during the year in which you took her there?

A.—Well, I don't know how hard I resisted.

The next question brought a protest from Mr. Stokes, argument from Mr. Moore, blushes from Miss Graham and advice from Justice Marcus.

The two questions that followed ran along on the same plane. Then Mr. Moore, the lawyer defending Lillian Graham, read this letter:

Lexington, Ky.

My Dear Miss Graham—I am here, expecting to have the pleasure of entertaining you and your sister for a few days on your way North, as I understand you intend leaving Memphis, and I would advise you to at once, for hot weather in an unhealthy town like Memphis will soon take the health and good looks out of you.

Certainly I will try to get you a job in New York, and at better pay, but you know I have always told you the stage was no place for you. But if you insist I will guarantee to get you a place from one of the managers in New York. Now, I shall expect you here Tuesday next, sure. I shall be home by next Friday or Saturday.

I have opened a house and have a fine old colored cook and waiter, and shall be very disappointed not to have the pleasure of seeing you and your charming sister. Last night we went down to the station at 10 p. m. and again this morning, expecting you and your sister, and it is only now that your letter has come. Start early Tuesday morning, and you will all be here at 9:10 Tuesday night. A telegram signed "L" and a letter the minute you get this will be received by me; but I shall expect you Tuesday evening. Yours very sincerely,

W. E. D. STOKES.

Q.—And do you still insist she was pursuing you to Lexington, Ky.?

A.—Yes, sir.

Then came this note:

July 11, 1907.

My Dear Miss Graham—I notice that the three-year old looks very pale. How would you like to take the automobile to-day to give her a ride? If so, telephone me. Yours truly,

W. E. D. STOKES.

Q.—The "three-year-old" was Mrs. Singleton's (Lillian's sister) adopted child, wasn't it?

A.—Yes.

Q.—How did you entertain Miss Graham at the Kentucky stock farm?

A.—I took her riding. Showed her the place and the country nearby.

Q.—Did anyone dine with you and Miss Graham?

A.—I do not recall.

Q.—Did you induce Miss Graham to sign a paper for you at the stock farm?

A.—I did not.

Q.—Now, Mr. Stokes, I show you the defendant's Exhibit O and ask you if you did obtain Miss Graham's signature to that paper in Lexington after Miss Graham had spent two or three nights there with you?

A.—I did not. I had no idea when you examined me in a police court that you were asking me about this paper, which you say exonerated me.

Mr. Jordan exhibited the letter to the jury. It was undated, and was on the stationery of the Ansonia. On the envelope were the words "Personal," "Very Important." Mr. Jordan read the "confession letter," which, in brief terms, related to the association by Miss Graham with men in a way which eliminated Mr. Stokes from the possibility of being charged with a serious offense, as already explained.

Q.—Will you swear that you did not obtain this exoneration from Miss Graham at the stock farm?

A.—I will swear it.

Miss Graham bowed her head and sobbed while the letter was being read.

Q.—Did you not extort this statement from Miss Graham by a threat that you would tell her brother-in-law about her visit to the stock farm?

A.—No.

Q.—Can you explain why there was no date on this letter?

A.—I do not recall why it was not dated. She usually dated her letters.

Lillian Graham was called to the witness stand and asked to tell about her relations with Stokes.

It will be remembered by readers of this page last Sunday that Stokes went to the apartment of Miss Graham and her companion, Miss Ethel Conrad, and came out with two pistol bullets in him. Stokes swore he was trapped by the girls—the girls swore he came unbidden and started a brutal attack on Lillian Graham, and in defense of her life she shot the intruder. The jury believed the girls and set them free.

In the course of the testimony of Lillian Graham the following developed:

QUESTION—How soon after you came to the Ansonia did you meet Mr. Stokes?

ANSWER BY LILLIAN GRAHAM—A short time after. I met him in my sister's apartment. He came into the room and said to my sister, "Mrs. Singleton, your sister is very pretty, and I want to meet her."

Q.—How long did he remain in the apartment?

A.—About an hour.

Q.—When did you next meet him?

A.—I don't remember exactly, but he came into my sister's apartment almost every evening after our meeting.

Q.—When you finally consented to go to Lexington and arrived there, who met you?

A.—Mr. Stokes. He met me in a two-seated carriage, with a colored man, at the station.

Q.—How did he greet you?

A.—He said he was very glad to see me, and that he had been down at the station the day before, expecting me.

Q.—Where did you go from the station?

A.—We drove to Mr. Stokes's farm, about five miles, some time before luncheon.

Q.—When you arrived at the house did you expect to see other persons?

A.—Yes; but there was no one else. I asked him about it, and he said there were some other people, but they were out visiting, and would be back late in the afternoon.

Q.—When you arrived back at supper time did you find any company?

A.—No. And I noticed the table was laid for two only. Later I found that there were no other guests at the house.

Q.—How long did you remain at the house?

A.—Two days and three nights.

Mr. Jordan submitted to Miss Graham the "confession" letter and another one signed "Lillian," which Mr. Stokes, as a witness, produced in evidence from his private files, where he said there were other letters. Miss Graham admitted it was in her handwriting.

Q.—Did you ever write that letter in New York City?

A.—No.

Q.—Who dictated these letters?

A.—Mr. Stokes.

Q.—What reason did Mr. Stokes give you for wanting you to sign these letters?

A.—He said that he had enough trouble with women and didn't want to have any more, and that it would make no difference to me. He said if I didn't sign them he would tell my sister and brother-in-law that I had gone to Lexington.

Q.—Did you tell your sister or brother-in-law that you had been at Lexington?

A.—No.

Q.—When did you see Mr. Stokes after your arrival in New York?

A.—The next morning. When I saw him he asked me on his knees not to tell anybody that I had been at his farm, as it would hurt him and his little boy.

Q.—What did you say?

A.—I promised not to tell.

Lillian Graham's counsel made a profound impression on the jury when he thus described the wrong she had suffered at Stokes's hands:

"Lillian Graham, you were a pure girl until you were lured by golden promises to visit the Stokes farm in Lexington, Kentucky. What are you now? A broken reed; a life blasted by W. E. D. Stokes. Ethel Conrad, you were saved. You discovered the perfidy of this man before it was too late.

"Gentlemen of the jury, I beseech you to treat these girls as you would want to have your own daughter treated if charged with shooting the man who had wronged her and slandered her dead mother, and I beg of you to treat these helpless, almost friendless girls more kindly than did W. E. D. Stokes!"

Mrs. Stokes read this in the newspaper reports of the trial. She was stunned by these revelations and humiliated at this notoriety, but determined to stand by her husband and be a loyal wife in his hour of disgrace and trouble.

The full significance of the "confession" letter did not strike the young bride at the time. If the old millionaire was shrewd enough to procure such a document of immunity from this young girl—would he be capable of slipping over something with great "sagacity" on his own young wife?

Exactly that question will be very thoroughly threshed out at the divorce trial. It has already been raised in no uncertain words. In Mrs. Stokes's affidavit she swears that, "incident to the long-continued cruelty and inhuman treatment, and in the execution of his wicked designs and purposes, plaintiff (Stokes), in a violent rage, with filthy expressions and by force and duress, compelled this deponent (Mrs. Stokes) on the 17th day of May, 1911, to sign a paper, refusing to divulge to her the nature and contents of the same, although requested so to do."

Three months after the wedding the old millionaire had already begun to victimize his own bride with his "acknowledged sagacity," according to her sworn statement. If Mrs. Stokes is correct, it was a remarkable transaction.

At the stroke of her pen the young bride signed away her wifely dower rights in about forty lots of New York real estate, worth millions! And to whom was all this property suddenly transferred? Mrs. Stokes answers this thus:

"That deponent (Mrs. Stokes) did not learn until the 4th day of April, 1919, that the paper so signed by her under duress was a deed conveying to the Mervyn Realty Company, of which Mr. Stokes is president, Albert H. Gleason, plaintiff's attorney in this action, is secretary, and Thomas Stokes, his brother, is treasurer, without legal consideration, any and all dower interest she may have in the property."

The Mervyn Realty Company was, then, a thin disguise of her own husband, according to Mrs. Stokes—president, Mr Stokes; treasurer, brother Tom; secretary, Stokes's personal attorney, Gleason.

Mrs. Stokes tells a little more about that transaction in these words:

"That after signing the aforesaid deed the said Albert H. Gleason came to the door of the room where deponent (Mrs. Stokes) was and asked her if she had signed a paper which he held in his hand, whereupon she said she had, but did not know what its contents were. That said Gleason then stated, in substance, that he did not care whether she knew what its contents were, and that all he wanted to know was whether or not she had signed the paper. As said A. H. Gleason walked away from the door he was accompanied by plaintiff (Mr Stokes), who put his arm around the shoulders of said Gleason, and both chuckled."

Willi

But that sagacious document will not be allowed to rest in peace. Mrs. Stokes's lawyers have begun proceedings to render it worthless and to give back to the wife what she says she surrendered that day nine years ago without compensation.

Mr. Stokes and Lawyer Gleason deny Mrs. Stokes's version of how that deed came to be signed. But that was not the only trouble of the kind. Here is a letter written by Mrs. Stokes to her husband in 1916 which deals with this same business of deeds:

White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.
November 9, 1916.

My Dear Will:

Just a hurried line. After unpacking I went to notary here; asked him to arrange deed for me. I have signed it, and it will be mailed at once.

Now, just let me tell you once and for all. Don't ever send anything to my father or any one which you wish me to sign—that is my affair and no one else; also, remember if you don't stop publishing our private affairs I won't be bothered with them.

Now, Will, when I married I did not do so to manage your business, so just make it clear in your own mind. I intend to play absolutely square with you to the very last. So when you wish to sell anything I most certainly would never interfere so long as I felt sure you were not planning to cheat me in any way. And you certainly would have no reason for doing that. So I intend to trust you absolutely, and please don't bribe every one to ask them to make me sign a paper.

You can be absolutely certain you are free to conduct your business now just as you did before our marriage, and I most certainly would not object to letting you sell anything, for that is yours, not mine.

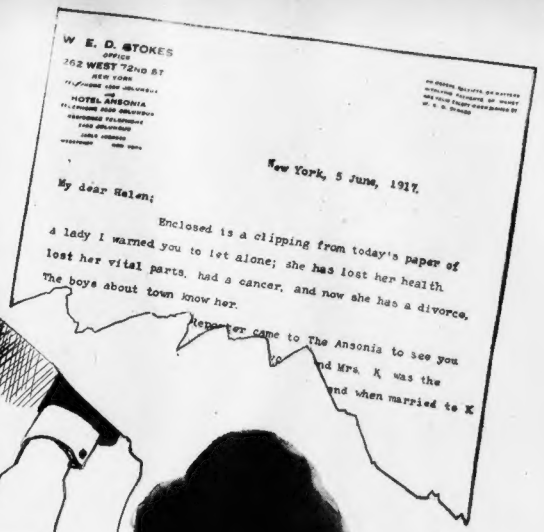
I would feel like a thief if I interfered with your own property, and I wish you were as honest and sincere with me, but you have not been generous, and so I feel it is useless to expect any square deal from you.

However, they say life is hope, and I suppose I live in hope that you will mend your ways where I am concerned, for I feel you should gladly and willingly fix me financially now. I want to live just a little and not fear poverty and worry when I am old. But that has nothing to do with the deed. I am most anxious for you to have it,

econd Domestic Tragedy

arle Dodge Stokes.

"In the execution of his wicked designs and purposes, plaintiff (Stokes), in a violent rage, with filthy expressions and by force and duress, compelled this deponent (Mrs. Stokes) on the 17th day of May, 1911, to sign a paper, refusing to divulge to her the nature and contents of the same, although requested so to do."—Mrs. Stokes swears in explaining how she came to sign away at a stroke of the pen her wifely dower in property worth millions of dollars.



W. E. D. STOKES
OFFICE
262 WEST 72ND ST
NEW YORK
TELEPHONE 1500 COLUMBUS
AND
HOTEL ANSONIA
TELEPHONE 5000 COLUMBUS
TELEPHONE TELEPHONE
1400 RIVERSIDE
CABLE ADDRESS
WESTPARK NEW YORK

New York, 5 June, 1917.

My dear Helen;

Enclosed is a clipping from today's paper of
a lady I warned you to let alone; she has lost her health
lost her vital parts, had a cancer, and now she has a divorce.
The boys about town know her.

Reporter came to The Ansonia to see you
nd Mrs. K was the
nd when married to K

A Recent Photograph of Mrs. W. E. D. Stokes.

tary in Lexington said he could take it but it was nothing. Notary here feels it is all right, so I am it to you. Very sorry indeed about delay.

Lovingly, HELEN.

so, year after year, the millionaire's wife went on deeds and signing away her wifely rights in her d's property. None of his valuable properties was Mrs. Stokes, no settlement on her was offered to er comfortably well off. At last even the Kenstock farm was sold and again she signed away her ights.

gard to some of these transactions Mrs. Stokes in rn statements says:

t at various times your deponent (Mrs. Stokes) mpelled, through force, duress and fear of bodily and always under protest, to sign other papers, leponent has recently been informed and believes eds conveying her dower interest in property beto plaintiff (Mr. Stokes) in the State of New York other States, and particularly in property located gton, Kentucky, being a farm, with appurtenances valued at at least $1,000,000.

t at the time of the marriage of deponent and , he was the owner in fee of large parcels of real n the States of New York, New Jersey, Virginia, y, Mississippi, and in other States of the United and upon information and belief the grantees in ds signed by deponent were, in many instances, tions, and in at least one instance, no grantee, conher inchoate right of dower."

his is denied by Mr. Stokes, and the whole matter gone into with great care by the attorneys for Mrs. who are determined to find out if the young wife victimized by putting huge properties out of her

the years went by relations became more and more between the aged millionaire and his young wife. a specimen pair of letters that passed between nd his wife in June, 1917, six years after their e. Stokes seems to have had no particular reawriting his wife on this occasion except to retell ssip, scold Mrs. Stokes and put into the mail a y all-around disagreeable letter. Mrs. Stokes was on a visit to her relatives in Denver at this time.

W. E. D. Stokes,
262 W. 72nd St., N. Y.
June 5, 1917.

My Dear Helen:

Enclosed is a clipping from to-day's paper of a lady I warned you to let alone; she has lost her health, lost her vital parts, had a cancer and now she has a divorce. The boys about town know her.

Now, a reporter came to the Ansonia to see you. He claimed that Mrs. —— got her divorce and Mrs. —— was the co-respondent, and that for several years and when married to K. Mrs. K. has been receiving money from Mr. —— and letters had been intercepted showing that you know about her acquaintance with —— before his divorce and that you and Mrs. K. had talked over ——'s marriage to Mrs. K. That while she was married to K. that she and —— frequented the Cafe Beaux Arts and other places of such character. That you had been seen in Mr. ——'s car. That you and Mrs. K. and Mr. —— went to White Sulphur Springs by arrangement; that you acted as a blind to shield —— while Mr. —— and Mrs. K. were having a good time.

I said it must be a mistake, that it must be somebody else, as you had not been in New York for some time. You know Mrs. —— has told in the courts what she was and is. Mr. K. said they knew Mrs. —— and she has also told about ——, and you know Mr. —— came to me with the same tale. Now in the face of all this I cannot but advise you to let the lady enjoy herself by herself, and for you not to mix up with her.

The man said that Mr. K. was down on the Mexican border but had returned to Brooklyn and he evidently gave the story to the reporter.

I told the reporter that Mr. K. had been nothing more than a professional ——, and as far as I knew, the only place where he was ever employed was in an accident insurance company and that he had better go down and inquire of the accident company all about him. He knew all about Mr. and Mrs. —— being down to Lexington and Mrs. K. visiting you at Denver and White Sulphur Spring and just what her income was and about some bonds that were stolen. I gave him no information, but simply told him that I thought he had made a mistake.

You know I wrote you the other day that while she was at our place in Lexington, I was told she was writing daily to —— and this was after she was divorced.

Yours, WILL.

To Mrs. W. E. D. Stokes,
851 Clarkson st., Denver, Col.

P. S.—Think this over and I guess you will come to the conclusion I gave you good advice.

Here was a fine opening for a discussion which offered excellent opportunity for a series of fault-finding letters. But Mrs. Stokes declines the challenge and dismisses the matter with this reply:

Dear Will:

Your letter just received, which, as usual, you dictated through your office, and concerning scandal about Mrs. ——, Mrs. K., etc., etc., and incidentally insinuating that in some mysterious way I was implicated in each and every case, received.

If you mean the parties that the initials would seem to indicate, they are YOUR friends. You introduced me to them and some I have hardly even seen since. I am too busy—too pleasantly and profitably employed trying to raise our babies to be somebody and to make the world a little better for our having lived in it to give time or attention to other people's private affairs. The scandals of New York City and Lexington do not interest me, and please do not write me anything about them.

Jimmie is teasing for a fine wagon with three horses —man and bell—can you send one to him? I cannot find one here. Hastily,

HELEN.

It is interesting to note that in Stokes's letter there is not one single word of affection or kindly inquiry or message of love or solicitation for the absent wife or the two children.

Xmas Evening Gowns by Lady Duff Gordon

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishments are at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York, and No. 1400 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

A Yuletide Gown Composed of a Satin Bodice, a Chiffon and Ribbon Harem Skirt and Side Draperies of Satin.

There Are Suggestions of the Orient in This Christmas Eve Robe.

A Dinner Gown of Embroidered Tulle Over Satin.

By Lady Duff-Gordon
("LUCILE")

CHRISTMAS gowns strike the note of festivity. It is difficult to contemplate the possibility of a sombre Yuletide gown. If happiness is in the heart it should come to the surface on the great Natal day. Gowns express the state of mind and reflect the mood. Therefore for Christmas the gown for rejoicing!

The group of three holiday robes printed on this page shows a variety of attire. Yet the frocks have the common note of rejoicing. There is not a low-spirited dress among them.

The first, worn by the large, left-hand figure, is essentially a gala gown. It seems to be made for dancing, for high-hearted rout. It comprises a high bodice, a harem skirt and long, straight drapery from shoulders. The bodice is of satin in wide, crush folds. The skirt is of ribbon and chiffon in alternate stripes. Depending from the shoulders are bands of satin widening at the skirt to broad panels. Appliqued upon the drapery and forming a graceful curve at the decolletage of the bodice are beaded rosettes.

The small middle figure presents for your consideration heavy brocade, gracefully draped, and fastened across one shoulder. The bodice is very low on the other side and finished by jewelled banding. The detached portion of the brocade at front and the train, hanging from the belt, is faced with heavy satin of a contrasting color. Over the robe, furnishing a note of mystery and Orientalism, is a wide scarf of jewelled net. At each corner of the scarf is a heavy jeweled tassel.

The third figure is one built upon a basis of soft satin. The satin is fashioned into a draped skirt, short at front and extending to a narrow pointed train at back. Over this is gracefully draped at the back. Over this is gracefully

In colors the favorites for street wear are repeated. Brown is strangely popular for after 6 o'clock, though it is not the best of evening colors. The best evening colors are those which are brilliant in themselves or which form a background that throws the wearer's charms into striking relief. Red is of the first class of colors. Black and blue belong to the second.

Brown does not belong to either. It is a rather heavy, uncompromising color. Its beauty is better shown in combination with complementary colors. For instance, brown for evening, as for day, wear is most effective when combined with a shade of yellow.

Brown was most happily utilized in an epochal gown I recall that was ordered by a lovely young woman. Although the Autumnal age was far from her, her taste inclined to Autumnal colors. She asked for a dancing frock that should resemble as nearly as possible the shades of a forest in Autumn.

The gown when finished did not dim, but rather enhanced, her exotic beauty. Her eyes are dark. Her hair is of the natural gold which nature rarely vouchsafes to poor humans.

For this lithe young woman was designed what might be termed a triple frock. Its foundation was a robe of gold lace. Over this was draped the flimsiest of scarlet chiffon. This double brilliance was subdued by a veiling of dark brown crepe, which was caught up here and there to afford tantalising glimpses of the flame and sunrise shades beneath.

"Ah! My dream realised!" she exclaimed at seeing it. "I wanted a gown that should remind me of a walk through the woods in mid-October."

Blacks, blues and greens appear often in an evening assemblage. White is occasionally seen. During the mid-season holidays doubtless all-fair-sharers in festivities will gown themselves in the brightest frocks they own.

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She and Allan — By Sir H. Rider Haggard

CHAPTER III.

Umslopogaas of the Axe.

NEXT morning guides arrived from the Town of the Axe, bringing with them a yoke of spare oxen, which showed that its Chief was really anxious to see me. So in due course we started, the guides leading us by a rough road down the steep hillside to the saucerlike plain beneath. We came at last to a river that encircled a considerable Kaffir town on three sides, the fourth being protected by a little line of koppies which were joined together with walls. Also the place was strongly fortified with fences and in every other way known to the native mind.

With the help of the spare oxen we crossed the river safely at the ford, and on the further side were received by a guard of tall, soldierlike fellows, all armed with axes. They led us up to the cattle enclosure in the centre of the town.

Here some ceremony was in progress, for soldiers stood round the kraal while heralds pranced and shouted. At the head of the place in front of the Chief's big hut was a little group of people, among whom a big gaunt man sat upon a stool clad in a warrior's dress, with a great and very long axe hafted with wire-lashed rhinoceros horn laid across his knees. Our guides led me, with Hans sneaking after me like a dejected and low-bred dog, across the kraal to where the herald shouted and the big man sat yawning. At once I noted that he was a very remarkable person, broad and tall and spare of frame, with long, tough-looking arms and a fierce face. He looked up and, seeing me, cried out:

"What! Has a white man come to fight me for the chieftainship of the People of the Axe?"

"No," I answered, quietly, "but Macumazahn, Watcher by Night, has come to visit you in answer to your request, O Umslopogaas."

The Chief heard, and rising from his seat lifted the big axe in salute.

"I greet you, O Macumazahn," he said, "who, although small in stature, are very great in fame. Have I not heard how you conquered Bangu, although Saduko slew him, and of how you gave up the six hundred head of cattle to Tsoha and the men of the Amangwane who fought with you, the cattle that were your own? Have I not heard how you led the Amawombe against the Usutu and stamped flat three of Cetewayo's regiments in the days of Panda? Oh, yes, I have heard these and many other things concerning you, though until now it has never been my fortune to look upon your face, O Watcher by Night, and therefore I greet you well, Bold One, Cunning One, Upright One, Friend of us Black People."

"Thank you," I answered, "but you said something about fighting. If there is to be anything of the sort, let us get it over. If you want to fight, I am quite ready," and I tapped the rifle which I carried.

The grim Chief broke into a laugh and said:

"Listen. By an ancient law any man on a certain day in each year may fight me for this Chieftainship, as I fought him who held it before me, and take it from me with my life and the axe, though of late none seem to like the business. But that law was made before there were guns, or men like Macumazahn, who, it is said, can hit a grasshopper on a wall at fifty paces. Therefore I tell you that if you wish to fight me, O Macumazahn, I give in and you may have the chieftainship," and he laughed again in his fierce fashion.

"I think it is too hot for fighting either with guns or axes. Chieftainships are money that is full of stinging bees," I answered.

Then I took my seat on a stool by the side of Umslopogaas, after which the ceremony went on.

The heralds, having cried out this challenge to all and sundry to come and fight the Holder of the Axe for the chieftainship of the Axe without the slightest result, Umslopogaas, after a pause, rose, swinging his formidable weapon round his head, and declared that by right of conquest he was Chief of the People for the ensuing year. Then again the herald summoned all who had grievances to come forward and state them and receive redress.

After a little pause there appeared a very handsome woman with large eyes, particularly brilliant eyes that rolled as though they were in search of some one. She was finely dressed and I saw by the ornaments she wore that she held the rank of a chief's wife.

"I, Monazi, have a complaint to make," she said. "In succession to Zinita, whom Dingaan slew with her children, I am your Inkosikaas, your head wife, O Umslopogaas."

"That I know well enough," said Umslopogaas, "what of it?"

"This—that you neglect me for other women, as you neglected Zinita for Nada the Beautiful, Nada the witch. I am childless, as are all your wives because of the curse Nada left behind her. I demand that this curse be lifted from me. For your sake I abandoned Lousta the Chief, to whom I was betrothed, and this is the end of it, that I am neglected and childless."

"Am I the Heavens Above that I can cause you to bear children, woman?" asked Umslopogaas angrily. "Would that you had clung to Lousta, my blood brother and my friend, and left me alone."

"That still may chance, if I am not better treated," answered Monazi with a flash of her eyes. "Will you dismiss this new wife and give me back my place, and will you lift the curse of Nada off me?"

"As to the first," answered Umslopogaas, "learn, Monazi, that I will not dismiss my new wife, who at least is gentler-tongued and truer-hearted than you. As to the second, you ask that which it is not in my power to give, since children are the gift of Heaven Above. Moreover, you have done ill to bring into this matter the name of one who is dead, who of all women was the sweetest and most innocent. Lastly, I warn you to cease from your plottings or traffic with Lousta, lest ill come of them to you, or him, or both."

"Plottings!" cried Monazi in a shrill and furious voice. "Does Umslopogaas talk of plottings? Well, I have heard that Chaka the Lion left a son, and that this son has set a trap for him who sits on Chaka's throne. Perchance that king has heard it also; perchance the People of the Axe will soon have another Chief."

"Is it thus?" said Umslopogaas, quietly. "And if so, will he be named Lousta?"

Then his smouldering wrath broke out and in a kind of roaring voice he went on.

"What have I done that the wives of my bosom should be my betrayers? Zinita betrayed me to Dingaan and in reward was slain and my children with her. Now, would you, Monazi, betray me to Cetewayo, though in truth there is naught to betray? Well, if so, bethink you and let Lousta bethink him of what chanced to Zinita, and what chances to those who stand before the axe of Umslopogaas. What have I done that women should thus strive to work me ill?"

"This," answered Monazi with a mocking laugh, "that you have loved one of them too well. If he would live in peace he who has wives should favor all alike. Least of anything should he moan continually over one who is dead, a witch who has left a curse behind her, and thus insult and do wrong to the living. Also he would be wise to attend to his own tribe and household and to cease from ambitions that may bring him to the assegai, and them with him."

"I have heard your counsel, Wife, so now begone!" said Umslopogaas, looking at her very strangely, and as it seemed to me not without fear.

The Chief bade me go rest a while and so I came to the guest hut, which proved to be a very good place and clean. After eating I slept for a time, as it is always my fashion to do when I have nothing else on hand. It was not until the sun had begun to sink that a messenger came, saying that the Chief desired to see me. So I went to his big hut, which stood alone with a strong fence set round it at a distance, so that none could come within hearing of what was said. I observed also that a man armed with an axe kept guard at the gateway in this fence.

Umslopogaas was seated by the door of his hut with his rhinoceros-horn-handled axe fastened to his right wrist by a thong, and a wolf-skin hanging from his broad shoulders. Very grim and fierce he looked with the red light of the sunset playing on him. He greeted me and pointed to another stool, on which I sat down. Apparently he had been watching my eyes, for he said:

"I see that like other creatures which move at night you take note of all, O Watcher by Night, even of a soldier who guards this place and of where the fence is set and of how its gate is fashioned."

"Had I not done so I should have been dead long ago, O Chief."

"Yes, and because it is not my nature to do so as I should, per chance I shall soon be dead. It is not enough to be fierce and foremost in the battle, Macumazahn. He who would sleep safe must do more than this. He must guard his tongue and even his thoughts; he must listen to the stirring of rats in the thatch and look for snakes in the grass; he must trust few, and least of all those who sleep upon his bosom. But those who have the Lion's blood in them or who are prone to charge like a buffalo, often neglect these matters and therefore in the end they fall into a pit."

"Yes," I answered, "especially those who have the lion's blood in them, whether that lion be man or beast."

This I said because of the rumors I had heard that this Slaughterer was in truth the son of Chaka and not knowing whether or no he were playing on the word, "lion," which was Chaka's title, I wished to draw him, especially as I saw in his face a great likeness to Chaka's brother Dingaan, whom, it was whispered, Umslopogaas had slain. As it happened, I failed, for after a pause he said:

"Why do you come to visit me, Macumazahn, who have never done so before?"

"I do not come to visit you, Umslopogaas. That was not my intention. You brought me, or rather the flooded rivers and you together brought me, for I was on my way to Natal and could not cross the drifts."

"Yet I think you have a message for me, White Man, for not long ago a certain wandering witch doctor told me that you had words to say to me."

"Well, it is true that I have a message, though it is one that I did not mean to deliver."

"Yet, being here, perchance you will deliver it, Macumazahn, for those who have messages and will not speak them sometimes come to trouble."

"Yes, being here, I will deliver it, seeing that so it seems to be fated. Do you know a certain small one who is great, a certain Old One whose brain is young, a doctor who is called Opener of Roads?"

"I have heard of him, as have my forefathers for generations."

"Indeed, and if it pleases you to tell me, Umslopogaas, what might be the names of those forefathers of yours, who have heard of this doctor for generations? They must have been short-lived men and as such I should like to know them."

"That you cannot," replied Umslopogaas shortly, "since they are not to be spoken of in this land. But what of this message of yours?"

"It came at the end of a long story, O Bulalio. But since you seek to know, these were the words of it, so nearly as I can remember them," and sentence by sentence I repeated all that Zikali had said when he called me back after bidding me forewell.

"Lousta! Monazi!" he said slowly. "Well, you heard those names to-day, did you not? And you heard certain things from the lips of this Monazi who was angry, that give color to that talk of the Opener of Roads. It seems to me," he added, glancing about him and speaking in a low voice, "that what I suspected is true and that without doubt I am betrayed."

"I do not understand," I replied indifferently. "All this talk is dark to me, as is the message of the Opener of Roads. By whom and about what are you betrayed?"

"Let that snake sleep. Suffice it you to know that my head hangs upon this matter, that I am a rat in a forked stick, and if the stick is pressed by a heavy hand, then where is the rat?"

"Where all rats go, unless they are wise rats that bite the hand which holds the stick before it is pressed down."

"What is the rest of this story of yours, which was told before the Opener of Roads gave you that message? Does it please you to repeat it to me?"

"Certainly," I answered, "on one condition, that what the ears hear the heart shall keep to itself alone."

Umslopogaas laid his hands upon the broad edge of the weapon beside him and said:

"By the Axe I swear it. If I break the oath be the Axe my doom."

Then I told him the tale as I have set it down already, thinking to myself that of it he would understand little, being but a wild warrior man. As it chanced, however, I was mistaken, for he seemed to understand a great deal.

"It stands thus," he said when I had finished, "or so I think. You seek certain women who are dead to learn whether they still live, or are really dead, but so far have failed to find them. Still seeking, you asked the counsel of Zikali, he who among other titles is also called 'Home of Spirits.' He answered that he could not satisfy your heart because this tree was too tall to climb, but that far to the north there lives a certain white witch who has powers greater than his, being able to fly to the top of any tree, and to this white witch he bade you go. Have I the story right thus far?"

I answered that he had.

"Good! Then Zikali went on to choose you companions for your journey. I, Umslopogaas, was one of these, and that little yellow monkey of a man whom I saw with you to-day, called Hans, was the other. Then you made a mock of Zikali by determining not to visit me, and not to go north to find the great white Queen. Is that so?"

I said it was.

"Then the rain fell and the winds blew and the rivers rose in wrath so that you could not return to Natal, and after all by chance, or by fate, or by the will of Zikali, the wizard of wizards, you drifted here and told me this story."

"Just so," I answered.

"Well, White Man, now how am I to know that all this is not but a trap for my feet? What token do you bring, O Watcher by Night? How am I to know that the Opener of Roads really sent me this message which has been delivered so strangely by one who wished to travel on another path?"

"I can't say," I answered, "at least in words. But," I added after reflection, "as you ask for a token, perhaps I might be able to show you something that would bring proof to your heart, if there were any 'secret place——'"

Umslopogaas walked to the gateway and saw that the sentry was at his post. Then he walked round the hut, casting an eye upon its roof, and muttered to me as he returned:

"Once I was caught thus. There lived a certain woman who set her ear to the smoke-hole and so brought about the death of many. Enter. All is safe. Yet if you talk, speak low."

So we went into the hut taking the stools with us, and seated ourselves by the fire that burned there on to which Umslopogaas threw chips of resinous wood.

"Now," he said.

I opened my shirt and showed him the image of Zikali which hung about my neck. He stared at it, though touch it he would not. Then he stood up and lifting his great axe, he saluted the image with the word, "Makosi!" the salute that is given to great wizards because they are supposed to be the home of many spirits.

"It is the big Medicine, the Medicine itself," he said, "that which has been known in the land since the time of Senzangacona, the father of the Zulu royal House, and as it is said, before him."

"How can that be?" I asked, seeing that this image represents Zikali, Opener of Roads, as an old man, and Senzangacona died many years ago?"

"I do not know," he answered, "but it is so. Listen. There was a certain Mopo, who was Chaka's body servant and my foster-father, and he told me that twice this Medicine was sent to Chaka, and that each time the Lion obeyed the message that came with it. A third time it was sent, but he did not obey the message and then—where was Chaka?" And Umslopogaas passed his hand across his mouth, a significant gesture among the Zulus.

"Mopo," I said, "yes, I have heard the story of Mopo, also that Chaka's body became his servant in the end, since Mopo killed him with the help of the Princess Dingaan and Umklangnon. Also I have heard that this Mopo still lives, though not in Zululand."

"Does he, Macumazahn?" said Umslopogaas, taking snuff from a spoon and looking at me keenly over the spoon. "You seem to know a great deal, Macumazahn, too much as some might think."

"Yes," I answered, "perhaps I do know too much, or at any rate more than I want to know. For instance, O fosterling of Mopo and son of—was the lady named Baleka?—I know a good deal about you."

Umslopogaas stared at me and laying his hand upon the great axe, half rose and then sat down again.

"I think that this," and I touched the image of Zikali upon my breast, "would turn even the blade of the axe named Groan-maker," I said, and paused. Then as nothing happened, I went on. "For instance, again I think I know—or have I dreamed it?—that a certain chief whose mother's name I believe was Baleka—by the way was she not one of Chaka's 'sisters'?—has been plotting against that son of Panda who sits upon the throne, and that his plots have been betrayed, so that he is in some danger of his life."

"Macumazahn," said Umslopogaas hoarsely, "I tell you that did you not wear the Great Medicine on your breast, I would kill you where you sit and bury you beneath the floor of the hut, as one who knows—too much."

"It would be a mistake, Umslopogaas, one of the many that you have made. But as I do wear the Medicine the question does not arise, does it?"

Again he made no answer and I went on, "And now, what about this journey to the north? If, indeed, I must make it, would you wish to accompany me?"

Umslopogaas rose from the stool and crawled out of the hut, apparently to make some inspection. Presently he returned and remarked that the night was clear although there were heavy storm clouds on the horizon, by which I understood him to convey in Zulu metaphor that it was safe for us to talk, but that danger threatened from afar.

"Macumazahn," he said, "we speak under the blanket of the Opener of Roads who sits upon your heart, and whose sign you bring to me, as he sent me word that you would, do we not?"

"I suppose so," I answered. At any rate, we speak as man to man, and hitherto the honor of Macumazahn has not been doubted in Zululand. So if you have anything to say, say it at once, for I am tired and should like to eat and rest."

"Good, Macumazahn. I have this to say, I who am the son of one who was greater than he, have plotted to seize the throne of Zululand from him who sits upon the throne. It is true, for I grew weary of my idleness as a petty chief. Moreover, I should have succeeded with the help of Zikali who hates the House of Senzangacona, though me, who am of its blood, he does not hate, because ever I have striven against that House. But it seems from his message and those words spoken by an angry woman, that I have been betrayed, and that to-night or to-morrow night, or by the next moon, the slayers will be upon me, smiting me before I can smite."

"By whom have you been betrayed?"

"By that wife of mine, as I

Continued on Page 10.

"Will you lift the curse of Nada off me, or will you not?" she demanded with a flash of her great eyes.

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A Companion Story to "She" and "Allan Quatermain"

Continued from Page 9.

think, and by Lousta, my blood brother whom she has made false to me, so that he hopes to win her whom he has always loved and with her the Chieftainship of the Axe. Now what shall I do?—Tell me, you whose eyes can see in the dark."

I thought a moment and answered, "I think that if I were you, I would leave this Lousta to sit in my place for a while as Chief of the People of the Axe, and take a journey north. Then if trouble comes from the Great House where a king sits, it will come to Lousta who can show that the People of the Axe are innocent and that you are far, far away."

"That is cunning, Macumazahn. There speaks the Great Medicine. If I go north, who can say that I have plotted, and if I leave my betrayer in my place, who can say that I was a traitor, who have set him where I used to sit and left the land upon a private matter? And now tell me of this journey of yours."

So I told him everything, although until that moment I had not made up my mind to go upon that journey. I who had come here by accident, or so it seemed, and by accident had given him a certain message.

"You wish to consult a white witch doctress, who, according to Zikali lives far to the north, as to the dead. Now, I, too, though perchance you will not think it of a black man, desire to learn of the dead; yes, of a certain wife of my youth who was sister and friend as well as wife, whom I loved better than all the world; also of a brother of mine whose name I do not speak, who ruled the wolves with me and who died at my side on yonder Witch-Mountain, having made him a mat of men to lie on in a great and glorious fight. For of him as of the woman I think all day and dream all night, and I would learn if they still live anywhere and I may look to see them again when I have died as a warrior should and as I hope to do. Do you understand?"

I answered that I understood very well, as his case seemed to be like my own.

"It may happen," went on Umslopogaas, "that all this talk of the dead who are supposed to live after they are dead, is but as the sound of wind whispering in the reeds at night, that comes from nowhere and goes nowhere and means nothing. But at least it will be a great journey in which we shall find adventure and fighting.

Then we spoke of plans for our journey, and of where we should meet to make it, talking till it was late, after which I went to sleep in the guest hut.

CHAPTER IV.

The Lion and the Axe.

NEXT day early I left the town, having bid a formal farewell to Umslopogaas, saying in a voice that all could hear that as the rivers were still flooded, I proposed to trek to northern Zululand and trade there until the weather was better. Our private arrangement, however, was that on the night of the next full moon, which happened four weeks later, we should meet at the eastern foot of a certain great, flat-topped mountain known to both of us, which stands to the north of Zululand but well beyond its borders.

So northward I trekked, slowly to spare my oxen, trading as I went. The details do not matter, but as it happened I met with more luck upon that journey than had come my way for many a long year.

Only one untoward incident happened. Of a sudden a party of the King's soldiers under the command of a well-known Councillor, arrived and insisted upon searching my wagon, as I thought at first in connection with a cheap lot of ivory which had already departed to Natal. However, never a word did they say of ivory, nor, indeed, was a single thing belonging to me taken by them. I was very indignant and expressed my feelings in no measured terms. He was most apologetic and explained that what he did he was obliged to do "by the King's orders." Also he let it slip that he was seeking for a certain "evil-doer" who, it was thought, might be with me without my knowing his real character, and as this "evil-doer," whose name he would not mention, was a very fierce man, it had been necessary to bring a strong guard with him.

Now I bethought me of Umslopogaas, but merely looked blank and shrugged my shoulders, saying that I was not in the habit of consorting with evil-doers.

Then followed an argument which grew heated and ended in his declaring that to the King I must come, even if he had to take me there by force.

I sat silent, wondering what to say or do and leaned forward to pick a piece of wood out of the fire wherewith to light my pipe. Now my shirt was not buttoned, and it chanced this action caused the ivory image of Zikali that hung about my neck to appear between its edges. The Induna saw it and his eyes grew big with fear.

"Hide that!" he whispered; "hide that, lest it should bewitch me, indeed, already I feel as though I were being bewitched."

"That will certainly happen to you," I said, yawning again, "if you insist upon my taking a week's trek to visit the Black One or interfere with me in any way now or afterward," and I lifted my hand toward the talisman, looking him steadily in the face.

"Perhaps, after all, Macumazahn, it is not necessary for you to visit the King," he said in an uncertain voice. "I will go and make report to him that you know nothing of this evil-doer."

And he went away in such a hurry that he never waited to say good-by. Next morning before the dawn I, too, went and trekked steadily until I was clear of Zululand.

In due course and without accident, for the weather which had been so wet had now turned beautifully fine and dry, we came to the great, flat-topped hill that I have mentioned. Forcing our way through the forest which was full of game, I reached its eastern foot and there camped five days before that night of full moon on which I had arranged to meet Umslopogaas.

That I should meet him I did not in the least believe, firstly, because I thought it very probable that he would have changed his mind about coming, and, secondly, for the excellent reason that I expected he had gone to call upon the King against his will, as I had been asked to do.

To tell the truth, I was glad. Although at first the idea had appealed to me a little I did not want to make this wild-goose or wild-witch chase through unknown lands to seek for a totally fabulous person who dwelt far across the Zambesi. I had, as it were, been forced into the thing, but if Umslopogaas did not appear my obligations would be at an end and I should return to Natal at my leisure.

So I just sat down and rested, letting the oxen feed throughout the hours of light on the rich grasses which grew upon the bottomest slopes of the big mountain where we were camped by a stream, not more than a hundred yards above the timber line.

The days went by pleasantly enough with lots to eat, since whenever we wanted meat I had only to go a few yards to shoot a fat buck at a spot whither they trekked to drink in the evening, till at last came the time of full moon. Of this I was glad, since to tell the truth I had begun to be bored. Of the fire-eating Umslopogaas there was no sign, so I made up my mind that on the morrow I would start after those elephants, and when I had shot—or failed to shoot—some of them return to Natal.

Well, the full moon came up in silver glory, and after I had taken a good look at her for luck, also at all the veld within sight, I turned in. An hour or two later somebodies from the direction of the cattle kraal woke me up. As it did not recur I thought that I would go to sleep again. Then an uneasy thought came to me that I could not remember having looked to see whether the entrance was properly closed, as it was my habit to do.

So I slipped on my boots and a coat and went, without waking Hans or the boys, only taking with me a light, single-barrelled rifle which I used for shooting small buck, but no spare cartridges.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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REAL FRUIT AT NO EXTRA COST

Remember that in Jiffy-Jell you get real-fruit desserts.

Each package contains a bottle of condensed fruit juice. It is made from ripe fruit crushed and the flavor is abundant. Half a pineapple, for instance, is used to flavor one Jiffy-Jell dessert.

There are jelly desserts sold at the same price without these bottled flavors. These sealed glass vials come in Jiffy-Jell alone.

Everybody needs fruit daily. Not mere fruit flavor, but the real fruit, healthful and delightful.

When you get Jiffy-Jell you get that, and it is well worth while. Be sure of the name and you will not be disappointed.

Eat More Root Vegetables

By Mrs. Christine Frederick.

The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

WHAT are the "root vegetables?" Carrots and beets, parsnips and oyster-plant, knob celery, turnips white and red, kohlrabi and potatoes. Of course, every one uses carrots and onions, but I have met women who said they never ate oyster-plant, that most delicate of all the roots, and whose only knowledge of turnips is with a "boiled dinner." My chief idea today is to encourage the use of the same old roots in new ways, which will be the equivalent of finding many new foods.

Let's take carrots. Have you ever grated them, made them into a carrot pie or a salad or used them in a pudding? If not, you don't know carrots! A carrot custard is one of the most delectable of Winter dishes, with a flavor and food value all its own. Carrot cream soup deserves to be served once each week.

How do you cook parsnips? I hope not always with a wearisome cream sauce. Try them fried with a roast of meat in place of potatoes, or mashed and made into cakes or fritters, or, above all, candied like sweet potatoes in brown sugar. In any of these ways they make a dish fit for a king! As the basis for a cream soup they are a delicious and delicately flavored as well as nourishing dish.

Don't cut turnips into thick chunks and boil for four hours until red and coarse. Cut in small dice, cook in salted uncovered water and add a little cream and seasoning. Such a dish will easily be worth a quarter, yet you can get enough turnips for two meals for a dime. Use the white kind in thin slices, scalloped, with a white sauce, and bake them, or drop into a meat stew and serve floating in the gravy.

I forgot leeks, although I bought some bunches of them only the other morning. Perhaps you hardly know this humble member of the onion family. But the leek was known in Bible times, was honored on the table of kings and played a prominent part in ancient feasts.

You may see a small one sticking out of a bunch of "soup greens." But ask for the large ones, make the dealer go downstairs to his storeroom for them, and get the size that costs about five cents each. Cut the leek in half and tie together the white ends. Simmer slowly and serve either hot with a white or tomato sauce, or cold as a salad with French dressing. A well-boiled leek, cold and covered with a flavored dressing, is the equal of asparagus and at a fourth its price.

Oyster-plant should be well scraped—not cut—and laid at once under water to which a few drops of lemon has been added to keep it white, as it becomes black on exposure to the air. Use the whole root if small or cut in sections. Serve with cream or melted butter or cold as a salad.

Oyster-plant makes quite a wonderful and tasty soup, too, and one enjoyed by children and invalids. Just rub the cooked root through a coarse sieve and combine with a white sauce.

Beets deserve wider use. They can be eaten hot and whole, or sliced hot or diced and served with a white sauce. This last may seem an odd way, but it is a very good one. Pickled and spiced they serve to touch up any Winter salad and lend zest to cold meats. Use mild vinegar, add whole cloves and peppers and a taste of cardamon. Let the beets lie covered in this.

It seems that only the Russians have fully appreciated the possibilities of beets. Their most famous soup, "borsch," of which I have spoken before, is made of pared raw beets cut into juliennes and cooked in meat stock.

Also try slicing the beets when hot, cut into juliennes, and combining with equal parts of cooked pease or carrots as a combination vegetable.

La-may Face Powder Is Harmless to the Most Delicate Skin

A specialist has at last perfected a pure face powder that positively will not cause enlarged pores, blackheads and irritations. In fact, while it is considered the best face powder, it is also a remedy for complexion troubles. It is guaranteed pure and harmless to the most delicate baby skin. It beautifies wonderfully because it helps to clear and lighten the skin and protect the complexion from blemishes. This new kind of face powder is made largely of an ingredient that skin specialists use in the treatment of the complexion. And it really stays on better than any other face powder. Of course, saying this, every one knows we mean the famous La-may Powder (French, Poudre L'Amé). This is the powder that does not contain starchy rice powder or dangerous white lead to make it adhere. White lead is a deadly poison and rice powder turns into a gluey paste that makes enlarged pores, blackheads and rice powder irritations. Because La-may is so pure and because it stays on so well it is now used by over a million American women. All dealers carry the large box, and many dealers also carry the small trial size. Be sure to try La-may. Then you will really know a perfect face powder. You will be sorry if you take a substitute. When you use this harmless powder and see how beautifully it improves your complexion, you will understand why La-may so quickly became the most popular beauty powder sold in America. Save this notice.

MISTAKES WOMEN MAKE IN THE CARE OF THEIR COMPLEXIONS

Much homeliness is caused by three common little mistakes

FIRST, many women powder the wrong way. Many women who appreciate the importance of powdering, fail to understand the right way to do it. Again and again during the day, on the street, in the shops—everywhere—they are powdering, in a frantic effort to overcome a shiny face.

Yet the ugly glisten keeps cropping out.

This is because people make the mistake of applying the powder *directly* to the skin.

If powdering is to be at all lasting, the thing to do is always to apply a powder base. Before you powder, take just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on the tips of your fingers. Rub it well into your face. Instantly it disappears, leaving your skin softened and refreshed. Now powder, and don't think of it again.

Pond's Vanishing Cream has no oil, so it cannot come out in a shine. More than this, it holds the powder fast to your face two or three times as long as ever before.

Dermatologists say that such a powder base is a *protection* to the skin. It keeps its texture from the coarsening due to exposure.

Wind and dust ruin your looks

A day in the wind and dust plays havoc with your complexion. It chaps it; it dries it; it blows away the powder. Before going out protect your face and hands with **Pond's Vanishing Cream.** *For years it has been famous for overcoming chapping and roughness. Without making your skin shiny, it will keep it soft, and prevent the dust and powder from working into the pores. Applied over this protecting cream, the powder stays on two or three times as long as it ever did before.*

You will find, too, that you can give yourself a wonderful massage with Pond's Cold Cream. It has just the consistency that is perfect for working well into the skin.

Every skin needs two creams

The creams that your skin needs are each very different from the other.

It is Pond's *Vanishing* Cream that you should use as a powder base, as a protection from cold and dust, and to freshen the complexion. Pond's Vanishing Cream is without oil. It is based on an ingredient which physicians have recommended for years for its softening, beautifying properties.

On the other hand, for cleansing, for supplying a lack of oil, and for massage, Pond's *Cold* Cream should be used. Its formula was especially worked out to supply just the amount of oil required for these uses.

Neither of these creams will encourage the growth of hair on the face.

Get a jar or tube of each cream today at any drug or department store.

Failing to freshen the complexion when you dress

When you are preparing to go out for the evening, do remember that the most important part of dressing is the freshening of your complexion.

Some women make the mistake of overlooking this.

You may feel and look exhausted. Yet there is no excuse for letting your skin look tired, drawn.

Lightly smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream over your face. The cool touch, the delicate fragrance, will make your skin actually *feel* fresher. At once this greaseless cream vanishes. Your poor, tired skin drinks in all its refreshing softness. The tense, drawn feeling is relaxed. The dullness has gone, leaving a soft, transparent look. More than this, the soothing cream keeps your skin soft and smooth, and prevents chapping and roughness.

Never neglect this Pond's Vanishing Cream freshening before going out. It makes all the difference between looking commonplace and looking beautiful.

It is a bad mistake to omit the cold cream cleansing

Because you have learned to depend upon Pond's *Vanishing* Cream for a powder base, for freshening the skin and protecting it from chapping, do not forget the importance of *cold* cream.

The very oil which makes cold cream impractical for use before going out is what the skin requires at other times. The pure, creamy oil base in Pond's Cold Cream makes it the most perfect cleanser you have ever known.

When you are all ready for bed, rub some Pond's Cold Cream into your pores and wipe it off with a soft cloth. You will be horrified to see how much dirt comes out. Yet it will please you so to realize how much cleaner the pores of your skin are than ever before that you will make this face bath a regular habit. In this way your skin will be kept clear and free from dullness.

If your skin is dry or rough, leave some Pond's Cold Cream on over night to make up for the deficiency of natural oil in your skin.

Subtract a few years from your age

When you are feeling all tired out, yet have to look your best, rub a little **Pond's Vanishing** *Cream into your face and neck. At once the drawn feeling around your mouth and eyes goes. Your skin takes on a fresh, transparent look. This cream disappears instantly and will not reappear in a shine.*

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One with an oil base and one without any oil

The dust will shock you!

You have no idea how much dust you work into the pores of your skin until you see how much comes out in the first **Pond's Cold Cream** *cleansing. Your skin needs this wonderful oil cream cleansing at night.*

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MY SECRETS OF LOVE

No. 1—How to Win a Man. By Elinor Glyn

(Continued from Front Page)

obtain her desire as she would use in winning a game of golf or tennis. For, remember, we are now dealing with the question of how to attract a man who has not shown that instantaneous drawing toward Celia which would make my advice superfluous.

Do not it the basic principle be lost sight of. It is demand and supply!

Henry has wrhaps grown weary of the "good fellow" in uniform, who has shown ll kinds of sterling qualities, of courage and devotion to work. He hs seen her in her hundreds—and has seen hundreds probably a "jazz" girls—I call them that for want of a better name—the kind we have helped him to pass the th when away from camp. Once, at if seen at rare intervals and with difficulty, this latter creature will have appeared all that was fascating, but Henry is satiated; he hs seen her for so long—in England, very time he came home on leave and she has not grown more ineresting. He is weary of her beyond-considering her as a partner to will give him exercise without any mental exertion.

Celia, as the type of asher class, has grown selfish in a ve— she has had to—and a little bit and independent.

Yet Celia longs for Henry to make love to her—just her, a woman!

Her first concern must be to study him and ascertain what are his likes and dislikes, while she is yet in the background, undistinguished in his regard from the many others. Then, when she is conversant with these, she can begin to talk about them on the first occasion they are alone. She must have made herself look as attractive to the eye as she possibly can; and she must try to be gentle of voice and unself-assertive, remembering always that man is a polygamous animal and a hunter, and circumstances of war have made most of him an unconscious egotist.

Celia must keep these facts in view; she must make Henry feel that at last he is with a congenial companion who understands him. There need be no using of actual wiles or play-acting; if Celia really likes him she will want to understand him.

She must try to talk of the things which would interest him, not make him listen to what is interesting to her (since she is unhappily the seeker, not the sought!)

She must never try to keep him one instant when he suggests leaving. She must never show that she desires to hold him in any way. She must watch the effect of her words and her actions and be guided by what she thus discovers as to which to continue using.

There is no use in giving sugar to a bird if sugar makes it sick and some other food would be more acceptable!

Find out what does attract Henry and give him that. Then, when the spark of interest is alight, the greatest intelligence is required to bring in a little mystery, drop a veil, so to speak, so that he must use effort to lift it; arouse his hunting instinct, in fact.

And, above all, let him leave you. Celia, every time soothed and pleased with himself, until he is at such a stage of attraction that some excitement must enter into the affair and he must be stimulated in some way.

But if Celia, animated with the true desire to make his love her and to give him love in return, has really been studying his idiosyncrasies and forgetting herself she will be instinctively guided as to what next to do.

She must never make scenes or let him feel that she is drawing him into boring circumstances, she once the interest in her is aroused she must always make him feel that he must make the advance and that she is something to be schemed for.

Different things attract different men. Some are drawn by the softest, most feminine meekness; some by gay repartee and independence; some by indifference. That is why the profound study of Henry is indispensable, so as not to use the wrong method.

But no matter which method Celia is using, she must remember to be natural and simple in her manner and not affected at all. I do not mean that in studying Henry she is to play-act from that time onward; she is merely to use the same intelligence which she used to please her superior in her work, if she works; or she used in selecting a particular instrument to make it go more smoothly. She must remember that Henry is a free agent, and that if she does not arouse in him the desire to return and see her again he can very well make an excuse and stay away! So that her only chance is in making him feel so pleased and interested that he longs to make arrangements for the next meeting.

The dramatic instinct in women upsets most of their apple carts!

They cannot resist the temptation to present something to some over-expressed or romantic man, or to get up some injured pride when no hurt was meant, or to reproach when Henry has no idea of offending. They drag in some element of discomfort, simply (if only Celia were aware of it!) to gratify their own nervously excited sense of drama.

Then they present a pistol to a man's head and force him to make a decision; and ten to one, since he is able to get away and think about it, he backs out of the whole affair.

A woman once married to a man may possibly make a scene now and then in the beginning and not lose the man for some time (because he can't get away from her), but Celia trying to attract Henry must not dare to be so stupid!

As long as she carefully and at all times pleases his eye and his ear she must try to be natural and dignified and never make herself cheap. (It is perfectly ridiculous for people to say all this is unfeminine and unladylike! It is nature.)

It is natural that a normal woman should desire a mate, and the struggle in every country is regulated by the state of numbers. Only fools obscure the point at issue by dragging in irrelevant conventions. The thing to do is to ask yourself what you really want. Is it to express what you have been taught to consider "proper pride" (often developing into brusque, repellent rudeness), or is it to attract the love and reverence and devotion of a certain man?

If the latter, then why use methods calculated to defeat your object?

Knowledge is power! Study the man!

If you really wish to attract Henry (I am speaking to Celia personally again) do not be silly, but subjugate all personal egotism and vanity, use the whole of your intelligence to see what does draw him. It may be you in an aloof mood, not too gracious at all: it may be you in a different mood every day; it may be you gentle and sympathetic, or it may be you capricious. But again I reiterate, watch for the effect of your methods, as a sailor watches the weather glass. You are not in that happy position when you can express your own personality, completely indifferent as to whether you draw him or not. If you were, you would possess the magnetism which draws unconsciously.

When a man loves a woman and she does not care for him, she has the reins in her hands and can be as selfish as she pleases.

When it is the other way, it requires the whole intelligence of a woman and her whole courage and her whole self-restraint to attract the man, and when she has attracted him then it will require renewed effort to keep him—but that is for another day and for another fish!"

Now we are simply concerned that poor Celia attracts Henry.

She must never show her eagerness. Naturalness is a potent charm—only naturalness guided by that fine intuition which senses when its ways are becoming boring.

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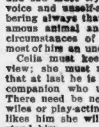

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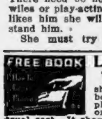

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Appetizing Menus for the Week

MONDAY.	TUESDAY.	WEDNESDAY.	THURSDAY.	FRIDAY.	SATURDAY.	SUNDAY.
Breakfast.	*Breakfast.*	*Breakfast.*	*Breakfast.*	*Breakfast.*	*Breakfast.*	*Breakfast.*
Apple Sauce, Oatmeal, Baked Bacon, Toast, Jam, Coffee.	Stewed Prunes, Cereal, French Toast, Coffee.	Stewed Dried Fruit, Potato Omelet, Muffins, Coffee.	Boiled Rice with Raisins, Poached Egg, Toasted Muffins, Coffee.	Codfish Souffle, Quick Sally Lunn, Coffee.	Baked Pears, Creamed Potatoes with Grated Cheese, Toast, Coffee.	Cereal with Sliced Bananas, Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon.	*Luncheon.*	*Luncheon.*	*Luncheon.*	*Luncheon.*	*Luncheon.*	*Dinner.*
Mock Oysters, Tomato Catsup, Celery.	Carrot Timbales, Cream Sauce, Muffins, Watercress, Tea.	Cold Meat, Corn Bread, Milk, Loganberry Gelatine.	Potato Chowder, Apple Jelly Sandwiches.	Stuffed Eggs, Sandwiches.	Vegetable Milk Soup, Toasted Crackers.	Roast Mutton, Boiled Rice, Stewed Celery, Currant Jelly, Lettuce Salad, Queen of Puddings.
Pear Compote.	*Dinner.*	Maple Rice Pudding.	*Dinner.*	*Dinner.*	Baked Apple,	Supper.
Dinner.	Celery Soup, Boiled Fish, Hollandaise Sauce, Boiled Potatoes, Waldorf Salad, Crackers, Coffee.	*Dinner.*	Cannelon of Beef, Tomato Sauce, Mashed Potatoes, Spinach Salad, Sweet Potato Pudding, Marshmallow Sauce.	Fried Oysters, Home Fried Potatoes, Mixed Pickles, Apple and Celery Salad, Coffee.	*Dinner.*	Crisp Rolls (Hollowed Out Filled with Creamed Beef, Tongue), Tea.
Tomato Soup, Sliced Pot Roast, Creamed Turnips, Glazed Carrots, Lettuce Salad, Cornstarch Pudding.		Broiled Chops, Baked Potatoes, Spinach, Apple Floating Island. Stuffed Dates.			Grapefruit Cocktail, Beef Tongue, Carrots, Potatoes, Stuffed Prune Salad, Coffee Jelly.	

How to Make Your Holiday Dainties

By Mary Lee Swann,

The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Peanut Penuche.

MELT 1 tablespoon butter and add 2 cups brown sugar and 1-3 cup milk. Boil until mixture forms a soft ball when tried in cold water. Remove from fire and beat until creamy and add ¾ cup chopped nut meats. Turn into buttered pans, cool and cut into squares. The nuts should be lightly sprinkled with salt.

Almond Acorns.

BLANCH almonds. Melt a little prepared sweet chocolate over hot water. Finely chop some blanched pistachio nuts. With the tips of the fingers dip the almonds into chocolate, coating not more than two-thirds of the almond with the chocolate. Then dip immediately into the chopped pistachio nuts. Place on a waxed paper to dry.

Plain Taffy.

BOIL 1 cup black molasses with 1 cup sugar and 1 teaspoon vinegar until the syrup "rattles" when tested in cold water. Add ½ teaspoon soda and any desired flavoring and pour into well buttered platters. Chopped peanuts may be placed in the platters or added to the taffy.

Candied Orange Peel.

BOIL orange skins until tender. Drain, remove the white portion from the skins and cut the skins in narrow strips with a sharp knife or scissors. For six orange skins prepare a syrup by boiling 1½ cups sugar with ⅔ cup water until the syrup will spin a thread. Add skins and boil five or ten minutes. Remove a few pieces from the syrup with a fork, place on a plate or platter of granulated sugar, roll in the sugar and remove to a plate covered with waxed paper or granulated sugar.

Stuffed Dates.

REMOVE stones and fill cavities with nuts or fondant and nuts. Roll in granulated sugar. Dates are sometimes filled with a little peanut butter and then rolled in finely chopped peanuts.

Stuffed Prunes.

SELECT large prunes, wash thoroughly and let soak in cold water for two hours. Remove stones, dry prunes on clean cloth and fill centres with nuts or fondant and nuts, preserved ginger or candied fruit. Roll in granulated sugar.

Popcorn Balls.

COOK 1 cup corn syrup fifteen minutes and add 2 tablespoons vinegar. When the syrup stands or pops when tested in cold water add popcorn, mix well and form into balls with finger tips which have been slightly buttered or oiled.

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How a Mother's Counsel Prevented a Divorce

"Well, this is a surprise!"

Glancing across the breakfast table over the top of my paper I saw that the morning's mail had indeed provided Mary with a morsel of rare interest.

"It is a letter from Jack Conway," she continued, "asking us to a little dinner he is arranging as a surprise to Helen on the fifth anniversary of their wedding. Isn't it amazing? Why only a year ago, you know, everyone said they were going to be divorced."

I was about to reply that Conway had better use the money the dinner would cost to pay some of his debts, when Mary burst out:

"And here's an envelope addressed to you."

A check dropped from the envelope as I slit the edge. Its amount surprised me. It paid in full, with interest, a series of personal loans which had been made Conway several years previously. With it was a letter, denoting from its manly, confident tone that Jack Conway had certainly undergone some radical change of character.

* * *

When Jack greeted me that evening I had almost to pinch myself to make certain that it was Conway.

I noticed during the evening how well cared for the house appeared. There was an air of stability and solidity about it which is hard to define, but which makes itself felt in every home where it exists. I marveled at it all, and after dinner, when the opportunity arose, took Jack aside, and told him how happy I was to see him so firmly established on his feet.

"You deserve a lot of credit for pulling out of the hole this way," I said.

"I'm sorry I can't take it," he replied. "The truth is that it all belongs to mother and Helen. If it hadn't been for them there wouldn't be any home to-day, and God knows where I would be.

"I guess you know how up against it I was," he continued. "It was just one continuous round of torture—never any headway—always slipping back two or three steps—constantly paying for dead horses, and becoming more and more involved.

"They say love goes out the window when poverty comes to the door. Well, we were pretty near poverty and our wives were simply frayed to a frazzle. Things got more and more entangled, with nothing at nights but disputes, misunderstandings, bickerings and quarrels—and all over *finances*. We both decided we had made a mistake, and we were ready and anxious to separate, when my mother came on.

"Mother always had been a marvel to me in matters financial.

"Well, she wasn't very long in sizing up things. She asked us to come into the library. She said she didn't want to intrude on our personal affairs, but it was impossible to disguise the fact that things were not going well.

"'You are all that I have in the world,' she said, 'and I cannot sit back and see things going to smash without trying to save your happiness.'

"Neither of us cared to talk to her about the thing very much, but gradually she got at the truth, and when she did, a little smile played over her face.

"'I was afraid it might be something more difficult to handle,' she said. 'I'm glad it's not serious.'

"'Not serious?' I cried. 'What do you mean?'

"'I mean,' she replied, 'that there's a very simple way out of all this—a way that will relieve you of all these cares and bring you peace and security.'

"She left the room, and in a few minutes returned bearing a beautiful bound book, which she handed to Helen.

"'There is the solution of all your troubles,' she said. 'It is called the Platex Budget—the plan that your father and I used, only brought up to date and made more efficient. I saw it advertised some time ago, and sent $3.00 for a copy, thinking that you might be interested in it, but never dreaming that you needed it so badly.'

"I edged my way over to Helen and glanced over her shoulder as she turned the pages of the little volume. Instantly I saw how simple the idea was. The book gave tables, clearly showing how any family's money should be apportioned for actual expenses, pleasures and savings, according to the size of the income.

"Well, you know the rest. For one year now we have been running our household on the Platex Budget System. We know at any minute down to the very last penny just where we stand—just what we can do and what we cannot do. We have eliminated the slipshod methods of the past; have found out where the leaks were, and put our home on a basis of security we never have any money troubles, and Helen and I are happier than we have ever been in our lives before."

* * *

As I walked home with Mary that night I gave a little chuckle of satisfaction.

"A man's first impressions are right after all, aren't they?" I said to Mary. "There was nothing in the world the matter with Jack Conway except he wasn't applying the business methods which he uses down town to his home.

"I was just wondering," replied Mary, "why we don't get a copy of the Platex Budget. We may not need it as badly as the Conways did, but it seems to me nobody can afford not to have one."

"I agree with you," I asserted. "I had already made up my mind to send for a copy to-morrow."

A true story of how a mother's counsel brought happiness and prosperity to a home about to be wrecked on the rocks of financial mismanagement.

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Last year, indeed, so many wished for these sets that there were not enough to go 'round. This year there will be more. But you will be wise if you let fall a hint—just a soft little whisper—so that the giver, *lui ou elle,* shall be forewarned and forehanded.

Then, too, if you seek something simpler, each *Spécialité* —whether it be Extract, Face Powder, Talc, Sachet, Toilet Water, Vegetale, Soap or *Rouge—is in itself a gift most acceptable—a gift quite complete in grace and charm.

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